DAY & NIGHT WEAR
(REGD. TRADE MARK)
"Viyella" (Regd.) "AZA" (Regd.) "Clydella" (Regd.)
Wm. Hollins & Co., Ltd. (Trade Only), 24-26, Newgate Street, London, E.C. 1.

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

Edited by AUSTIN HARRISON

1/6 Net MONTHLY

AUGUST 1919

LIBRARY UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

Poetry	Wilfrid Wilson Gibson
	Emile de Boinod
	Margaret Sackville
	Henry L. Webb
	Charles Louis Scott
The Sinister Guest	Arthur Symons
Notes on Discipline	Stephen Graham
Satan's Prologue to the War	Vernon Lee
Joseph's House	Caradoc Evans
"Between Fields"	L. Shapiro
Divorce and Decency	Demos
Lawyers in the Melting Pot	James J. Dodd
What is Capitalism?	Major C. H. Douglas
Down the Rapids	Raymond Radclyffe
Elementary Economics	Austin Harrison
Peace	Austin Harrison
Books	Austin Harrison

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION: 18/-
HALF-YEARLY " 9/-
POST FREE TO ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

All rights reserved

19 GARRICK STREET, LONDON

Incorporated A.D. 1720.
ROYAL EXCHANGE ASSURANCE
FIRE, LIFE, SEA, ACCIDENT AND GENERAL INSURANCES.
Full Prospectus on application to the Secretary.
Head Office - - ROYAL EXCHANGE, LONDON, E.C. 3

The Negative FLAG

of the Naval Code.

—Say "NO" when offered IMITATIONS of Lea & Perrins' Original & Genuine Worcestershire Sauce.

Lea & Perrins

Always Players

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT

"Beautifully Cool and Sweet Smoking"

May be obtained from all Tobacconists and Stores.

Ever ready to write.

SIMPLY remove the cap of a "Swan" and it is ready to write. There are no rods or valves to adjust, and, as the reservoir is free from mechanism, it holds an ample supply of ink, so that no frequent filling is required, and there is nothing to wear or get out of order.

Safety Pattern with screw-on cap from **12/6.**

Standard Pattern with slip-on cap from **10/6.**

"SWAN" FOUNTPENS

are fully guaranteed to give the utmost satisfaction.

MABIE, TODD & CO., LTD.,
79 & 80, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

97, Cheapside, E.C.2;
204 & 25a, Regent Street, W.1, London;
3, Exchange Street, Manchester;
Paris, Zurich, Sydney, Toronto, &c.

Illustrated Catalogue sent Post Free on request.

Sold by all Stationers & Jewellers.

Advertisement Supplement

How to Induce Sleep.

¶ Health-giving, life-restoring sleep is a necessity in this nerve-wracking age, and the majority of us are suffering for lack of it. When sleep comes not, mind and body must suffer, and it is most important to find some safe remedy to induce the real, dreamless rest that Nature intended for the regeneration of the body each day. Fatigue produces headaches, which prevent restful, restoring slumber, and these headaches yield to treatment when the right remedy is used. All who are sleeping badly should give Genasprin a trial. Genasprin is the safe brand of aspirin, which stops pain and quiets throbbing nerves instantly and harmlessly. Genasprin does more than induce sleep—it stops all nerve pains, like headache, toothache, neuralgia, neuritis, and sciatica. It is invaluable for gout, rheumatism, and lumbago and prevents and cures cold-in-the-head, influenza, and catarrh.

The soothing, sedative effect of Genasprin is entirely harmless and without reaction, for Genasprin is nothing but pure "aspirin," free from injurious ingredients. The two little tablets of Genasprin, which should be swallowed—disintegrated in water—the last thing at night, act as magic, and soon break the insomnia habit. All dangerous, narcotic drugs for headache should be avoided, for Genasprin is a safe and sure remedy for nerve troubles. It is sold by all chemists in bottles of 35 tablets, price 2*s*. Three doses of Genasprin will be sent to readers of the ENGLISH REVIEW on receipt of a stamped addressed envelope, with the name of the paper written on the back. This should be sent to Genatosan, Ltd. (makers of Sanatogen, Formamint, and Genasprin), 12 Chenies Street, W.C. 1.

For Day and Night.

¶ There are three materials of notable interest, the names of which are familiar to us all; these are: "Viyella," "Aza," and "Clydella." They combine comfort with warmth, are practical and useful, and suitable for day and night wear in winter and summer weather. The story of "Viyella" has been told in an excellent booklet entitled "A Material Consideration," which will be read with interest by all who want to know all about the material they have probably worn for years in some form or another. For winter nightgowns, shirts, and blouses, "Viyella" cannot be beaten; it is made in various weights, is soft, light, warm, and non-irritant, and that it is unshrinkable is proved by a guarantee being given to replace any garments if they should shrink in washing. The "Viyella" shirts and blouses are well

Bermaline

Bermaline is the best brown bread for the season of harvest and harvest-home. Itself a typical embodiment of the golden grain in palatable form, constituting a daily bread, dainty, and easily digested by all. Fresh cut Bermaline and farm-house butter help to make a merry feast. When they vote on bread the children plump for Bermaline because it is so nice.

Write to Bermaline Mills, Ibrox, Glasgow, for Free Sample Loaf and address of nearest Bermaline Baker.

DARLINGTON'S HANDBOOKS

"Nothing better could be wished for."—*British Weekly.*
"Far superior to ordinary guides."—*Daily Chronicle.*

VISITORS TO LONDON (& RESIDENTS) SHOULD USE

DARLINGTON'S

LONDON & ENVIRONS.

By E. C. COOK and Sir ED. T. COOK.
6th Edition Revised, 6/-
30 Maps and Plans. 100 Illustrations.
"Very emphatically tops them all."—*Daily Graphic.*
"A brilliant book."—*Times.*
"Particularly good."—*Academy.*
"Best Handbook to London ever issued."—*Liverpool Daily Post.*

100 Illustrations, Maps, and Plans, 3/6.
PARIS, LYONS, and the RIVIERA.

60 Illustrations, Maps, and Plans, 5/-
NORTH WALES.

100 Illustrations, Maps, and Plans, 5/-
DEVON AND CORNWALL.

50 Illustrations, 6 Maps, 2/6.
NORTH DEVON & NORTH CORNWALL.

50 Illustrations, 6 Maps, 2/6.
SOUTH DEVON & SOUTH CORNWALL.

1/3 THE MOTOR-CAR ROAD BOOK and Hotels of the World.

Complete List Post Free from Darlington & Co., Llangollen.
Llangollen: DARLINGTON & CO. London: SIMPKIN'S.
New York and Paris: BRENTANO'S.
RAILWAY BOOKSTALLS AND ALL BOOKSELLERS.

PHOTOGRAPHS.

Beautiful Photographs of Scenery, Ruins, etc, in Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Russia, Germany, France, Spain, Portugal, Switzerland, Italy, Greece, Turkey, Palestine, and Egypt, also the English Lakes and North Wales, 1/-. 1/6, 2/- List post free.

DARLINGTON & CO., Llangollen.

THREE NUNS Tobacco

"Three Nuns"—the name sounds its virtues: Sweetness—Mildness—Purity!

"KING'S HEAD"

A Stronger Blend

Both are sold everywhere

1-oz packets 11½d
Tins: 2-oz 1/11—4-oz 3/10

"Three Nuns" Cigarettes

(Medium)

5½d for 10 : 11d for 20

Boxes of 50 2/2½—100 4/3

Stephen Mitchell & Son, Branch of the Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Limited, 36 St. Andrew Square, Glasgow 639

cut and smartly shaped, and obtainable in great variety. Men, as well as women, highly appreciate the "Viyella" shirts, which are especially suitable for winter wear. Wearers of "Viyella" find "Aza," manufactured by the same firm, a pleasant change for the warmer days. For while "Viyella" is made in various weights, it is always a woolly texture, and "Aza" is a cloth rather different in texture—cool for summer wear, yet equally protective. "Clydella" is a new material which is fast winning the same favour as "Viyella" and "Aza"—a material of silky softness, and, like the others, one which will stand any amount of hard wear. It is quite unshrinkable, and obtainable in a variety of designs suitable for all purposes. "Clydella" is specially suitable for the home making-up of one's own garments—shirts, blouses, and underwear—while for children's frocks there is nothing better—a material, in fact, which will give every satisfaction for day and night wear. "Clydella," "Aza," and "Viyella" garments and material by the yard can be obtained of all drapers.

An Old Favourite.

¶ Pens may come and pens may go, but the "Swan" goes on for ever. It is an old favourite which continues to please in spite of many other noteworthy pens on the market. The "Swan" pen has thousands of staunch friends, who are not slow to sing its praises, and the strongest recommendation to use the "Swan" comes from its oldest users. It is common to meet with ten, fifteen, and twenty years' users of the "Swan," and one and all are loud in their praise of it—all, indeed, declaring that it cannot be excelled. There is a "Swan" to suit every hand-writing. It is sold by all stationers and jewellers at its pre-war price of half a guinea for the Standard pattern with slip-on cap, and the Safety pattern with the screw-on cap from 12*s*. 6*d*. Messrs. Mabie Todd and Co., Ltd., will send an illustrated catalogue post free on request to them at 79 and 80 High Holborn, W.C.

A. E. M. B.

SAVE THE CHILDREN

The Government offers to add £1 to every £1 which you give to the approved relief work.

The SAVE THE CHILDREN FUND is a central fund for this work, and all money received is distributed **immediately** through the existing relief organisations, Red Cross Societies, etc.

SEND A DONATION TO-DAY

SAVE THE CHILDREN FUND (Dept. E), 329, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.1.

FESTIVAL CONFERENCE of CREATIVE PEACE

OXFORD, Sept. 1-10

Morning Sessions: Discussion.

Speakers: Austin Harrison, Gilbert Cannan, George Lansbury, H. Baillie-Weaver, etc.

Afternoon: Music and Drama.

Plays: "The Trojan Women," "Young Heaven," "Everyman," A Folk-Music Play.

Music by well-known Artists *Dancing*

Inclusive Tickets to all Sessions . £1 1 0
Week-end 10 6

Accommodation arranged. Full particulars from CONFERENCE SECRETARY, 90, Avenue Chambers, Southampton Row, London, W.C.1.

The Ideal Antiseptic Shaving Soap.

Protects the skin from every form of "rash," and gives a persistent, creamy, but not slimy lather.

WRIGHT'S Coal Tar SHAVING SOAP

Has all the hygienic properties of WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP as well as its clean, wholesome smell.

Stick or Tablet, 1/-

If any difficulty in obtaining, write to—

WRIGHT, LAYMAN & UMNEY, Ltd., Southwark, LONDON, S.E. 1.

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

Edited by Austin Harrison

CONTENTS OF THE ONE HUNDRED-AND-TWENTY-NINTH NUMBER

		PAGE
1. WILFRID WILSON GIBSON	Casualties	97
EMILE DE BOINOD	To a Mother who has Lost a Son in War	100
MARGARET SACKVILLE	War and Revolution	101
HENRY L. WEBB	Mary's Grandfather Clock	103
CHARLES LOUIS SCOTT	The Cycle of the Day	104
2. ARTHUR SYMONS	The Sinister Guest	105

[*Contents continued on page* viii.

TATCHO *The* **HAIR GROWER**

A few drops of Tatcho occasionally and vigorous brushing—and you will be able to say with Mr. Geo. R. Sims—

"Look at my hair now!"

The very name of Tatcho inspires confidence. As Mr. Geo. R. Sims, the author, dramatist and philanthropist, said to the editor of the *Daily Mail*, "Look at my hair now, look at the colour. Isn't that convincing evidence of the value of Tatcho. Ladies confirm my good opinion of it."

From Chemists and Stores everywhere at 1/3, 2/9 and 4/6.

Mr. G. R. SIMS.
Photo by [*Lavis, Eastbourne.*

CANDLES IN SUNSHINE

POEMS AND LYRICS FROM NIGERIA

By J. M. STUART-YOUNG. (10/6 net)

Composers are invited to accept these verses for musical setting. All are redolent of the Tropics: of "the land of clear sunshine, the home of the palm."

ARTHUR STOCKWELL, 29 LUDGATE HILL, LONDON.

The "De Reszke" Art Gallery

This Picture Free

To "De Reszke" Smokers

You can obtain a copy of this picture, free of advertising matter, printed in colours on art paper, 15" × 10", by sending to address below a "DeReszke" box lid and 2d. stamps for postage and packing (or without lid 1/-), mentioning Picture No. 70. (Terms for previous pictures on application.)

Miss Madge Titheradge

the spirited heroine of "In the Night Watch," writes: "I CONSIDER THE 'DE RESZKE' AMERICAN CIGARETTE DELICIOUS AND THE NICEST VIRGINIA THAT HAS COME MY WAY."

The following are a few other representative opinions:—

The Marquess of Cholmondeley, P.C., writes:

"I think your 'De Reszke' American Cigarettes are quite good."

Austin Harrison, Esq., writes:

"I find the 'De Reszke' American Cigarettes very aromatic and agreeable."

Webster Millar, Esq. (Beecham Opera Co.), writes:

"Your 'De Reszke' American Cigarettes seem quite mild and pleasant, and I have not noticed any falling off of my powers since trying them. It therefore gives me much pleasure to say that your 'De Reszke' Cigarettes are very good, and as harmless to a sensitive throat as any cigarette smoker could desire."

Lieut.-Colonel Solomon J. Solomon, R.A., writes:

"I like your 'De Reszke' American Cigarettes very much."

Nat Gould, Esq., writes:

"I find the 'De Reszke' American Cigarettes excellent. The flavour and aroma are quite different from any other I have tried, and much superior."

Miss Marie Blanche, writes:

"The 'De Reszke' American Cigarettes are excellent and the only brand I have been able to smoke without harming my throat for singing."

"DE RESZKE"
The Aristocrat of REG.
Cigarettes

AMERICAN: 10 for 9½d., 25 for 2/-. 50 for 3/11, 100 for 7/8.

TENOR: 10 for 1/3, 25 for 2/10½, 50 for 5/7, 100 for 10/9.

Sold everywhere, or post free from J. Millhoff & Co., Ltd. (Dept. 81), 86, Piccadilly, London, W.1.

CONTENTS (continued)

		PAGE
3. STEPHEN GRAHAM	Notes on Discipline	120
4. VERNON LEE	Satan's Prologue to the War	129
5. CARADOC EVANS	Joseph's House	141
6. L. SHAPIRO	"Between Fields"	148
7. DEMOS	Divorce and Decency	151
8. JAMES J. DODD	Lawyers in the Melting Pot	156
9. MAJOR C. H. DOUGLAS	What is Capitalism?	166
10. RAYMOND RADCLYFFE	Down the Rapids	170
11. AUSTIN HARRISON	Elementary Economics	175
	Peace	184
12.	Books	190

THE expedition that left Broomielaw in the 17th century for the purpose of founding a trading colony on the Isthmus of Darien was doomed to disappointment. The ill-fated members might have found some solace for their many misfortunes had they been able to share, as smokers everywhere can to-day, that incomparable pipe tobacco—"SMITH'S GLASGOW MIXTURE"

F. & J. SMITH, Glasgow,

Manufacturers of **"ORCHESTRA"** *High-Class Virginian Cigarettes.*

SMITH'S GLASGOW MIXTURE

MILD MEDIUM FULL

Per 10½d. oz.

Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.

S.317

Peace—not Plenty

1919 is Peace Year—but for plenty we are again to look in vain so far as fuel is concerned. Rationing is still to continue, and every householder will have to consider ways and means of getting the fullest possible value from his allowance.

In these circumstances, as in normal times, economy, comfort and convenience all point to the use of gas. If you are in any doubt regarding the fuel question, write for the special "Household Economy" number of "A Thousand and One Uses for Gas" to the Secretary—

THE BRITISH COMMERCIAL GAS ASSOCIATION

47 *Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W.* 1

x86b

The philosophies of these fragments are sometimes fruitful.

POPE & BRADLEY
Sole Proprietor H. Dennis Bradley
Civil, Military & Naval Tailors.

MAN, WOMAN and EXCESS.

By H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

"Love's Revolt"

MAN is a curious animal. Woman is an angel with curiosity.

A platitude and a tribute.

Men accept platitudes without question. Women question all things, even while they accept them.

I find it refreshing to deal in an occasional platitude . . . and hold a playful post-mortem.

The ordinary man loves a platitude with about as much intelligence as he loves a woman.

And once having accepted a platitude the ordinary man takes it to his bosom and believes in it with a religiosity beyond his comprehension.

But, alas, platitudes, with many other things he takes to his bosom, are occasionally as false as they are fair, and often blind his sober judgment and bear him wildly astray.

And nations and men deserve the government they get, in politics . . . and in love.

Only the few deserve the fair.

The ordinary man is worthy of the falsity of government but unworthy of the falsity of more beautiful things.

* * *

"What's in a name?"

Shakespeare perpetuated this fair and false platitude, and the ordinary man took it to his heart and cherished it

But the bureaucrats and rulers are subtler. They realise the stupidity of the ordinary man. They know that to him *everything* is in a name.

Therefore it was their humour to call the "Tax on Trade and Enterprise" the "Excess Profit Tax."

But the Excess Profit Tax is killing Development and is the cause of Unemployment. And the thirst of the Bureaucracy is insatiable and its orgies of extravagance so insensate that the poor taxpayer can no longer afford to meet the bills.

So he gives it all up because development is of no use. The golden goose is dead and the simple business man will be as idle as the subtle brigands . . . if not so subtle.

* * * * *

In the dual intoxication of politics and sex I had almost forgotten to mention that Pope & Bradley continue to make clothes without charging plutocratic prices. The bureaucrats get most of the profit, but the guiding spirit of the House continues to live joyfully if not quite so well. Lounge Suits from £9 9 0; Dinner Suits from £12 12 0; Overcoats from £10 10 0.

TWO ESTABLISHMENTS ONLY
14 OLD BOND STREET, W. &
11-13 SOUTHAMPTON ROW, W.C

THE

ENGLISH REVIEW

AUGUST, 1919

Casualties*

By Wilfrid Wilson Gibson

To Michael.

IF the promise of your coming's true,
And you should live through years of peace,
O son of mine, forget not these,
The sons of man, who died for you.

I.

Angus Armstrong.

Ghostly through the drifting mist the lingering snow-wreaths glimmer,
And ghostly comes the lych-owl's hunting-cry,
And ghostly, with wet fleeces in the watery moon ashimmer,
One by one the grey sheep slowly pass me by.

One by one, through bent and heather, disappearing in the hollow,
Ghostly shadows down the grassy track they steal:
And I dread to see them passing, lest a ghost behind them follow—
A ghost from Flanders follow, dog at heel.

* Copyright in U.S.A. by Wilfrid Wilson Gibson, 1919.

II.

Alan Gordon.

Roses he loved, and their fantastic names—
  Gloire de Dijon, Léonie Lamesch,
Château de Clos Vougeot—like living flames
  They kindled in his memory afresh
As, lying in the mud of France, he turned
  His eyes to the grey sky, light after light:
And last within his dying vision burned
  Château de Clos Vougeot's deep crimson night.

III.

Jack Allen.

"I'm mighty fond of blackberry-jam," he said:
  "It tastes of summer. When I come again
You'll give me some for tea, and soda-bread?"

Black clusters throng each bramble-spray burned red,
  And over-ripe, are rotting in the rain:
But not for him is any table spread
  Who comes not home again.

IV.

Martin Akenshaw.

Heavy the scent of elder in the air
  As on the night he went: the starry bloom,
He'd brushed in passing, dusted face and hair;
  And the hot fragrance filled the little room.

Heavy the scent of elder in the night
  Where I lie lone abed, with stifling breath,
And eyes that dread to see the morning light—
  The heavy fume of elder smells of death.

V.

Ralph Straker.

Softly out of the dove-grey sky
Drift the snowflakes, fine and dry,
Till braeside and bottom are all heaped high.

Remembering how he would love to go
Over the crisp and the creaking snow,
I wonder that now he can lie below,

If softly out of the Flanders sky
Drift the snowflakes fine and dry
Till crater and shell-hole are all heaped high.

VI.

Peter Proudfoot.

He cleaned out middens for his daily bread:
War took him overseas, and in a bed
Of lilies-of-the-valley dropt him, dead.

VII.

Joe Barnes.

To a proud peacock strutting, tail in air,
  He clipped the yew each thirteenth of July:
No feather ruffled, sleek and debonair,
  Clean-edged it cut the yellow evening sky.

But he returns no more, who went across
  The narrow seas one thirteenth of July:
And drearily all day the branches toss,
  Ragged and dark, against the rainy sky.

VIII.

Philip Dagg.

It pricked like needles slashed into his face,
The ceaseless, rustling smother of dry snow
That stormed the ridge on that hell-raking blast.

And then he knew the end had come at last,
And stumbled blindly, muttering "Cheerio!"
Into eternity, and left no trace.

IX.

Noel Dark.

She sleeps in bronze, the Helen of his dreams,
  Within the quiet of my little room,
Touched by the winter firelight's flickering gleams,
  To tenderer beauty in the rosy gloom.

She sleeps in bronze: and he who fashioned her,
  Shaping the wet clay with such eager joy,
Slumbers as soundly where the cold winds stir
  The withered tussocks on the plains of Troy.

To a Mother

Who Has Lost a Son in War

By Emile de Boinod

THERE'S more than sorrow in thy sigh,
  There's madness in thy stare,
And lurking in thy tear-brimmed eye
  I see despair.

Thy thoughts without remit do cling
  To yearnings all in vain:
The longest day can never bring
  Those hopes again.

The fairest flower that ever blew
  Must meet some hapless day
A chilling wind and, like the dew,
  Must fade away.

Each sunset, though the death of Day,
  Gives promise of the Morn;
Come then, with sorrow put away,
  Await the Dawn.

War and Revolution

By Margaret Sackville

War: I RAISE my head; the day goes out;
The sons of men are whirled about:
Like dead leaves the winds up-lift,
Down the wind they drift, they drift!

Revolution: *Thy* thirst is quenched, now let *me* sup;
Left at the bottom of thy cup,
Warm and delicious still remain
Some dregs of misery and pain.

War: Camp-follower thou art of mine;
I love thee: my mouth pressed on thine.—
All the world's glories, loves and sins
Go down before us like nine-pins.

Revolution: All the blood that thou hast shed
Makes my famished lips more red;
President, journalist and Czar
Who made thee, these my perquisites are.

War: Liberty men do me call,
Who subtly have enslaved them all.—
What is she then, where dwelleth she?

Revolution: Men also call *me* Liberty.

War: I laugh, I laugh.

Revolution: (But not too loud.)

War: Oh! glorious madness of the crowd
Which keeps us both as once it kept
The priests of Baal whilst Baal slept!

Revolution: Laugh not too loud, they must not know
From what source our red streams flow:—
Freedom, thou goddess fair and sweet,
Still give us delicate flesh to eat!

War: I will go in dark disguise,
Swathed in virtue to the eyes,
That women, gentlemen and lords
May turn their ploughshares into swords.

Revolution: Rather I'll move 'mongst those who eat
And drink, in the pain of their own sweat;
Or prophets, by prophecies made blind,
Who murder men to save Mankind.

War: In spite of us, in all the earth
Has Freedom ever come to birth?

Revolution: One bore freedom in his hands
Who now is outcast from all lands.

War: Then we are safe?

Revolution: Aye, safe as Hell.

War: Lovely friend, 'tis well, 'tis well.
To me shall all be sacrificed
In the name of Liberty and Christ.

Revolution: Where thou goest, my own dear Lord,
There go I. Come, bare the sword;
Let me kiss its bitter blade
As becomes thy serving-maid.

War: Thus is our compact sealed.

Revolution: It is;
Sealed eternal by this kiss.

War: Whilst we flourish—

Revolution: Freedom shall
Be less than a lover's madrigal!
Eye for eye and blood for blood,—
Is the pass-word understood?

War: Eye for eye and tooth for tooth;
Kneel before us age and youth.

Revolution: Tooth for tooth and eye for eye;
Stab, stab the world and watch it die.

Mary's Grandfather Clock

By Henry L. Webb

That sombre, reticent being
In the corner apart,
All-seeing, unrevealing
What lies in its heart.—

Surely there lurks in its chuckle,
Before and after
The solemn strokes of the hour,
Some ancient laughter;

Behind its yellow face
A monstrous mirth
Feeds on the human span
Of death and birth;

One impassive face,
Day after day,
Watches the force of gods
Crumble to clay;

One quavering voice,
Hour upon hour,
Tells what beauty is—
A troubled flower.

Was it a fiend that made it,
This bloodless creature?
Or evil greybeard, spidery,
With elvish feature?

No, I think a lover
Made it, singing,
Wild with sorrow and mirth
Of woman's bringing;

Young and passionate, so eager
For love-time
That he cared not for labour
Or clock's chime:

And, hark! the lover's voice,
Hour upon hour,
Tells what beauty is—
A little flower,

A burning flower that lights
The hollow world—
Your rosy banner, sweet!
By love unfurled.

The Cycle of the Day

By Charles Louis Scott

The Night is clothed in Robes of Black,
But Naked is the Dawn.
Hence it is she turns her back
Upon the Smiling Morn.

The Day laughs slyly up his sleeve
To see the Dawn's distress,
But at the first approach of Eve,
He dons a *thin* nightdress.

But Eve is very flighty,
And though she be not wed,
She too pops on a nighty
And follows Day to bed.

The Sinister Guest

By Arthur Symons

It is a Carnival night in Paris, and I am in a box in the Opéra Français with Count Nayrac. Below us whirl the masked dancers to the sound of diabolical music, in a tumultuous mosaic, as if the actual figures of the mosaics in San Marco had come to life over again. It is a *Bal Masqué* after my own heart. How can one do otherwise than admire ardently the painted webs of light of the women's costumes and this Eastern Sultan who dances with a white Circassian girl, he with his turban and she with her veils? Does not this mad world seem to tie my senses to some dubious dream, as doubtful as dusk? Do not these painted puppets cast up the dust under their feet as they dance? Can I help being reminded of the *Corridas de Toros* in Spain, where, instead of fine dust, the sand of the arena is spotted with blood?

Is there not something melancholy as well as voluptuous, strangely islanded in the heart of whirling gaiety, in the dance rhythms of to-day? It is something like the pathos of things fugitive—flowers, beauty, the bloom on any fruit, sunshine in winter. But as one turns and turns in the dance-measures, the sense of this moving rhythm gives one an intoxication, more intoxicating than some wonderful wine when one first drinks it. And, as the movement increases, the very floor, the lamps, seem to have wings as our feet have, as the world withers away, vanishing into smoke; and, as for those who are lovers, we endure the immortal moments of a passionate dance.

All of a sudden the door of the box flies open, and there enter three women, who take off their masks and say "*Bon soir!*" All have an exceptional kind of beauty—we have met them in painters' studios—and their names are Juliette Vairy, Marcelle Maulle, and Ysabeau Yvonne. "With too much love of living" they are tired after all their dances; and, as they sit with us, we invite them to dine in a private room—the Red Room—of the Café Anglais.

All of a sudden I am surprised in seeing a sinister face

glaring at me from a box near us; he nods and I have to nod, not remembering who he is. As I go into the vestibule we come face to face; and, strangely, having as we say broken the ice, I ask him to join us. He accepts, asks me to call him by a name that is not his own, Baron Hulot; that is to say, one of Balzac's creations, and certainly an appropriate name. I introduce him as the saturnine Baron Hulot, which is in his favour, from the laughing way in which the women accept him. Only Juliette murmurs the name of a famous criminal called Joel, whose various murders, it appears, had enriched him.

Once installed in the Red Room, with closed curtains and a burning fire, the moment we sit down at the table I forget everything; only I hear Ysabeau tell one of the waiters to admit our fantastical doctor—not quite so fanatical as the one in Gautier's *Avatar*, that malevolent and impossible legend of the transformation of two souls into two bodies, one of his most thrilling inventions—whom I shall name Flavian des Esseintes, and who, being a nerve specialist, adopted this motto : " Il faut que je me réjouisse au-dessus du temps, quoique le monde ait horreur de ma joie et que sa grossièreté ne sache pas ce que je veux dire."

An intense curiosity has always been mine, an inexhaustible one; so that I have been apt to look on the world as a puppet-show, and all the men and women merely players, whose strings we do not see as they move them. These, like the marionettes, may be relied on, even in their gestures. So, for these reasons, my desire is to fathom the perhaps unfathomable secrets in our stranger, to deprive him of some of his illusions, not his illusion of himself; and, having found these, to intrude no further into his destiny.

This sinister guest has a peculiar way of underlining his words, perhaps to intimate his sense of an external nullity. What of his primary emotions, I wonder, and if he has any? The probable words of prose talk can only render a part of what goes on among the obscure imageries of the inner life; for who, in a moment of crisis, responds to destiny or circumstance with an adequate answer? The thirst of blood has been always in the world : has he not a thirst of blood?

I see a vision of blood and blood-red torches, of silence, of terrified faces; but some insupportable circumstance escapes me. I feel nervously excited, as after some per-

verse night-vigil, as after some opium-dream. After we have left the table I am pursued with the horror of a rat gnawing at a beam in the dark, of a man seated in a garret on a straw chair, of a haschisch demon leaping on me and strangling me with one gesture.

Our conversation, such as it is, is magical enough, and our intoxication is derived simply from our wine and our smoking coffee and from the heat of the room, and from the prodigious fashion in which Marcelle plays the incestuous music of Wagner's *Tristan and Iseult*. She is exquisite in her adorable perversity—she breathes the very odour of it—and there are flames of passion in her eyes; her beauty distils fever into the veins of her frenzied lovers; and, as Catullus's Lesbia, "she wakens in the heart desire" as she bites and kisses you. Exhausted, she leaves the piano and sits near us, lights her cigarette and drinks her *crème de menthe*. After a long silence—we are still under her spell—she begins this curious narrative.

"One night—it was in my own house—several men were playing cards, and one was a priest, whose pallid face indicated his cold Sadism and whose huge black eyes were vindictive and cruel. And, as a matter of fact, he was suspected of having committed certain crimes."

At that instant Hulot gazes at her in a sinister way: that I intercept.

"He really," she goes on, "looked more a man of the world than a child of the Church; even his *soutane* seemed unsuitable. I watched them with an indolent curiosity across my Persian cigarette. I felt certain—for the situation had become ominous and charged with I know not what apprehensive atmosphere—that a crisis was near at hand. The priest, having lost, refused to continue the game by staking more money on the cards; but he offered to continue on the strict terms that, being in the possession of a secret, he would risk losing again. I confess that I shivered, imagining that the devil himself might have entered into this man's tenebrous soul. 'The secret,' he said coldly, 'is a secret of the Church.' He lost again, and one of the men opened the window."

As she says these words I begin to wonder what curious meaning might attach itself to the opening of a window, as ours are closed against the bitter cold of this winter night.

"We saw a livid dawn," she continues, "that extinguished the light of the candles, and the perfume of my room seemed—to this sensitive flesh of mine—almost impure; the heat was less oppressive; but on the faces of two of the men I saw painted, as plainly as the paint actresses put on their cheeks before they come on the stage, disillusion. The priest, by no means disillusioned, rose and held in his hand his clerical hat and said in a voice that sounded like an echo out of hell: 'The secret of the Church, you ask? It is that there is no Purgatory.' The spectre having vanished into void space, we remained interdicted."

With that she ends suddenly; and, as the mysterious child looks at me with her wonderful eyes, and as her flowerlike beauty, that of tuberoses, palpitates as butterflies when the sun shines on their painted wings and the warm wind caresses them, she seems to me curiously out of place; so fascinating, so seductive she is. And as I remember her abandonments, I marvel the more that she sees no tragedy in the ironically tragic story she has related.

Thereupon our sinister guest, who has been taciturn, says:

"I also have a cruel story that comes into my mind. I was travelling in Italy and I saw—he was my host in his own castle—the very man to whom this narrative belongs. Indeed, he followed the example of Dante's Nello della Pietra, who, out of an abject jealousy, took Pia, his rich and young wife, to his castle in the Maremma, where, never speaking one word to her, he let her die slowly under his very eyes of the malaria that is the pest of Italy. The man I speak of found one morning beside his wife's bed her lover's watch he had forgotten to take with him. For three years he kept her in the castle as a prisoner, having said to her the day after his discovery of the watch: 'Simply, all ends; and as you and I find no convenient way to die, I, neither your foe nor your husband, guard you till you go the way all flesh must follow. We leave this house to-night. Take your jewels, yours by right, as is this watch.' He raised the watch, her lover's, at which she hid her face and broke into bitter sobs.

"The beauty of a faithless woman is to most men—not to me—still beautiful. He had, I suppose, still some fevers of the flesh, but all pity had gone out of him. The

place they lived in was a kind of ruin in the midst of trackless woods. So, as Pietra with his Pia, he kept his word and answered none of her woeful lamentations. Day by day she came and said: 'I repent me of my shame'; then: 'I have sinned, and that was heaven and this is hell, whose keys you have turned on me'; then, clinging round his feet: 'But one word—speak—any word—but speak!' The more unbearable she became the more inexorably did he draw forth the other man's watch, and so froze the fountain of her tears.

"Slowly he saw, with I know not what exquisite sense of his just cruelty, her beauty wither. So when Death came as her deliverer, he stood at her bedside, and as her breath gasped, silently for the last time he drew out the accusing watch. At the dear sight of it, she rose, her face one glow, and clasped it to her bosom, smiled for the last time, and died. So you see, the man's revenge had been in vain."

This being ended, we look at each other in a kind of strange amazement, so coldly have two cruel creatures told two pathetic stories. Wanting to break that icy chill, I say:

"A certain great poet wrote a poem called 'A Forgiveness,' on a tragic subject curiously similar to these. It is the story of a love merged in contempt, quenched in hate, and rekindled in a fatal forgiveness, told in confession to a monk by the man the monk has wronged. He tells his story in a quiet, measured, utterly unemotional manner, with reflective interruptions and explanations, the acute analysis of a merciless intellect. In the same length of time, three years, they acted the horrible comedy before the society they lived in, of being apparently wife and husband; but, as a matter of fact, the game was called 'Hiding the Skeleton,' a most contagious game that might appal the devils. In other words, the dear guest never saw Love's corpse-light shine."

An instant after, a more icy wind than one can easily imagine breathes on in its deathlike cold, and I have I know not what premonition of evil. The women have become restless, shift their eyes, touch their hair, torment their rings; and they, impelled by one single impulse, get up and walk to and fro, exchanging words with each other and with us—who have all risen—until Ysabeau in her malicious way

presses her bare shoulder on my cheek. I seize her hand and kiss it, and say, laughingly, "You have come into this world—I quote Baudelaire—for the one reason of proving that snow burns."

With renewed laughter we change our places and sit on chairs and on a divan. Nayrac drawls cynically: "You refer to his notes on *Les Liaisons Dangereuses*, essentially more dangerous than ours; for the book is a masterpiece, revealing more naked human truth and leaving no room for sentimental excuses than in any book since Petronius created his formidable and unsurpassable *Satyricon*, that scourged the vices of Rome, and in Trimalchio created a creature prodigious, from whom lineally descended Gargantua the giant and Sancho Panza."

Our conversation becomes witty and wicked; and these curious women have their original points of view; for, having known so many poets and prose writers, they are quite aware of what literature is from the invariable way in which these lovers of theirs read them their own prose and verse, and, at more leisure hours, pages of other writers. Juliette, who has lately left her last lover, a famous dramatist, begins to laugh hysterically, and gasps out these fragments of a tragic misadventure:

"A certain Baroness, who got on badly with the Baron, fell deeply in love with a young Frenchman; and one day, when she had been playing the piano and had just flung herself passionately into her lover's arms, she sees the supposedly unsuspecting husband's reflection—the reflection of his face—in a mirror. He closes the door and the lover leaves the castle. Finally the wife, unable to endure the suspense, goes to her husband's apartments. You must understand that painters had been at work and that their tools, paints, brushes, and bottles were still lying about. Her husband turns from the desk where he is writing, and says, 'I am writing a letter to Xavier (her lover) to ask him to dinner'; adding, 'I have a little surprise for him.' He rises, takes three steps towards her with a look of sarcastic malignity, and, stooping rapidly, picks up a bottle from the floor and flings the contents in her face. She shrieks in agony as the vitriol burns into her like liquid fire and rolls over at his feet shrieking."

During the conversation that ensued on this hideous

narrative of retaliation, I look sideways at our Hulot, and I see with but little surprise that he, alone on the divan, has somehow curled up into knots, wonderfully. His disquietude is evident; he looks at his watch, looks more disquieted than ever, and thereupon gets up and expresses his distress in having to leave us. We do our utmost to retain him: we jest; but he, in all seriousness, utters this monstrosity: "I am under God's eye."

Suddenly, as when one is aware of a serpent who hisses at one, an instinct surges in me, an awful instinct; and I somehow contrive to explain the singular fact of having come upon him, six years ago, at four o'clock in the morning, somewhere in a certain square of a great city.

He looks at me with an air of scathing contempt; there is an amazed silence, and the very atmosphere seems to contract to a pin-point in eternity. I feel as if his fingers were about to clutch my forearm; they did not, however. I am almost certain he will answer, "You lie!" Marcelle's eyes are fixed on his like a snake's. Was I to be lowered in my own opinion or was I to be staggered in the completeness of my defeat? I hated the man then with an incomprehensible and implacable and inexplicable hatred—in the view of some odious conspiracy of things. My perception of sounds became so acute that I heard a live coal drop in the grate among the ashes. It may have been no more than a few instants before he spoke, but that silence was too confoundedly awful.

"It is quite possible," he drawls. "Only six years ago means a good deal in a man's life—a terrible amount, certainly. And can one be called to account for one's deeds—good or bad? I don't argue; we are not logical. All this time you people have talked of nothing but crimes and criminals. And suppose that I am a criminal—does that matter?"

"It does matter," I cry angrily. "But you have not answered my question."

"Do you mean," he queried, "in regard to the occasion of the execution of a condemned criminal?"

"Yes," say I, "and on a scaffold."

At that he laughs stridently—a laugh not even contagious—a laugh that chills one's bones.

Nayrac looks astounded. I have the vision that Juliette's

wide-opened eyes see in a flash the disc of the sun fall from the sky on the earth; that Marcelle is in the midst of some intricate tangle of things.

I don't even know how I managed to say: "I certainly saw you alight from your carriage at the very foot of the scaffold on which the machine was placed and the execution about to begin. Am I wrong?"

"Wrong? You are really amazing in your—incredulity. As a matter of fact you are right. I was there."

There is a crisis, if you like, that certainly occurs more than once in a man's lifetime. This one is complete, most noxious, and most veritably evil. Naturally the man won't confess himself; never shall we see him struck into life and revealed to us, in some withering flash of lightning. Never shall we fathom the grime of his grandeur; never shall his crimes be lifted to the height of tragedy. Nor is he at the turning-point of his life: he stands there, odiously visible, unrepentant, with one knows not how much guilt behind him. I seem to see something comically vituperative in this creature's malevolence. No, rather some enormously naked crime: a thing, one names it, a naked thing—as naked as a murdered corpse.

By some hazard Juliette, who wants to change the tone of the conversation, says on the sudden: "Do you know that there is an execution here, in Paris, this very morning? We are near on morning. And, as a matter of fact, I was told by a man who knows most of the secrets of our city that a certain stranger had arrived in Paris to assist in the execution."

My brain is so bewildered, so troubled just then—what with the wine and what with the heat—that I am not surprised when I see our guest standing before the door, hat in hand and cloak over shoulder, about to salute us. I simply want him to know, to know absolutely, that I am thoroughly acquainted with him—as far as that can be with a stranger's life—and yet all I am able to utter is to ask him why he has said "I am under God's eye."

The sinister guest looks at me as if he thinks me much too insupportable in my question to deserve any answer. He gives none, bows, and leaves the room.

I simply am unable to believe my ears. I am staggered, staggered beyond belief. I am like one in a deserted

wilderness; yet conscious the whole time that I—that all of us in the room—realise that one climax is over, and that perhaps there lies before us another climax.

It is certainly from no absurd form of vanity that I confess myself a writer of stories, and that for this reason I am almost exclusively concerned with exceptional characters, and with them mostly in the abstract. So the mere oddity of the facts I am relating recalls to me how in the cafés where I sought inspiration I often found myself face to face with the modern M. Sanson, who had been himself an executioner, and who as he played cards used to cry, with or without malice I never knew, "Je coupe." He did not even add the gesture.

As for my creations, I never spare them; I have the cruelty of my race; I study their iniquities, their monstrous deeds, their slips from virtue, their descent into vice. They are abnormal. I love them and I hate them, with a multiplicity of meaning—which disconcerts many of my readers and makes them think some of my prose is obscure. I cannot pardon stupidity; for I see that stupidity is more criminal than vice, if only because vice is curable, stupidity incurable. So, being a casuist of souls, I love to drag forth some horribly stunted or horribly overgrown soul from under its obscure covering, setting it to dance naked before our eyes. Therefore, it must be understood, my desire was to set this criminal soul dancing in the naked air.

I am only too delighted when Flavian des Esseintes enters, and, having saluted us, seats himself in our midst and begins to sip his Madeira (that delicious Spanish wine that has a peculiar flavour) and says: "I have just met a man who has certainly been your guest, on the stairs as I came up; and I am equally certain that you don't know one fraction of his tragic and abominable existence . You, like me, are nervous creatures, avid of sensations, and our excess of emotions often carries us away. *Ah! si vous saviez quelle quantité de silence nous portons en nous!*"

As our reincarnation of Avatar says this last sentence, he smiles at me in his curiously penetrating manner, for he has quoted one of my sentences.

He goes on: "This is an abnormal, an almost prodigious case of mental attenuation which is incurable."

"Is he a madman?" cries Nayrac.

Just then Flavian says nothing, but a sensation comes over me as if I had awakened out of an opium dream.

"Yes and no," says Flavian. "One curious thing is, he has no sense of Fear; it never acts on his imgination; and yet fear, at its extreme point, can destroy a man's reason. Take, for instance, the case of Gérard de Nerval, who, in the eyes of the world, was actually mad; yet he is only wise and passionate, only really master of himself, when he is insane —and in that state he had wonderful and magical intervals. Every artist lives a double life, in which he is for the most part conscious of the illusions of the imagination; but our man is not an artist. Still, to continue my analysis of our man, madness, in the case of Gérard, lit up the hidden links of distant and divergent things; but in our man madness may have had one of its bases in a similarly new, startling, perhaps over-true light which might be flashed by the stimulation of haschish, opium, and those other drugs by which vision is produced deliberately, and the soul, sitting safe within the perilous circle of its own magic, looks out on the panorama which either rises out of the darkness before us or drifts from itself into darkness."

At this point he stops suddenly; and our spiritual state is certainly, in all of us, out-balanced by the premonition that Flavian has provoked in us. As for me, I drift into a kind of vision, and this is what I remember. Is it possibly only a nightmare, or have I read something of the kind, I know not where?

One night I walked hastily in the streets of a huge city, and flashes of lightning opened the sleepless eyes of the night, and the rain was as desolate as when one dreams of rain, and the wind howled in a lamentable voice, and people hurried past me, some huddled in capes, like those I saw in Bologna; and the sky assumed strange colours: topaz and violet and crimson and orange. I drew in the storm—for the air was hot—with exultation. The adjectives and adverbs of Baudelaire might have described my sensations, and I plunged on, as he did in Paris, thinking of mad music and exotic dancing girls and red-headed prostitutes with hungry eyes and lips, and wondering if there would ever

again be moonlight, after this kind of choking suffocation the night was giving me.

I entered a café where a friend of mine was seated. I tried to talk logic, and instead talked nonsense—of faces floating under water and signs in the Zodiac that are menacing, and of the Sabbats and of the Wizards : nonsense to him, not to me. Then of the repulsion of aching loveliness and of the unendurable persistence of one gesture, and of violent and vehement demons in women's shapes, and of that one face I had seen glaring on me across the storm—that of a girl leaning out of an open window. As I simply couldn't express any more of what haunted me, I went out into the night, following the lights of the cafés that flashed and flickered. A few yellow leaves fell on the pavement, like bats, and men with dark lanterns were searching for the rubbish in the street. Then suddenly I was facing a mirror, outside a shop, that the shopkeeper had forgotten to cover over. My face was ecstatic, lunar, bewildering : then, as I gazed deeper into it, its surface became deformed—terribly, to the deformation of one's own face. I shivered as if I had seen blood in the mirror, and rushed away from it.

My nerves by then were jangled enough in all conscience. I had been hallucinated. In fact, I seemed to be in the midst of nothing at all; in the midst of delusions, in a mist of illusions, in the midst of a savorous night, warm now as a woman's flesh.

I entered another café and saw before me as I sat down at a table the woman I had imagined. She had a sultry complexion, her cheeks glowed with slumbering blood, her lips were those of a painted idol, of a Javanese dancer, her lids were painted, and she had an unintelligible smile as she twined her fingers nervously; a creature inanimate, inhuman, inviting, enticing; and she drank amber-coloured absinthe. As I desired her, we went out and climbed up steep stairs to her bedroom, heavily scented.

After I have returned to the consciousness of myself I hear Flavian's voice saying : " Have any of you during the crisis of a terrible illness felt, as you watched the sunlight creep over the wall opposite, first, that the sensation of the slow black flies that crawl across the path of warmth seem to be crawling over your raw nerves? Have you ever expected the surface of the wall to contract like a skin and

switch them off, and feel your own skin doing that out of mere sympathy?"

"No," says Ysabeau.

"I might have imagined it," cries Juliette.

"No, don't try to imagine it," Flavian says. "Our imagination plays strange tricks with us, and how many of us are not the prey of our imaginings? Our man isn't absolutely abnormal, but in one sense he certainly is: in his mania of being the executioner, or of assisting at executions; two quite different forms of his singular disease. Always the same, always he varies. To an insult he is impervious; he has no feeling for beauty except in forms of the horrible; he never intensifies material things. What is really his disease is his diseased blood, not actually poisoned, though he often imagines it to be poisoned. He flies from land to land, like some devouring vulture scenting his prey, with talons thirsting after blood. He is one of those hideously constituted to commit nervous crimes and to gloat over those he has not committed. Such qualities are often found in real artists; yet always made wonderful by their creative genius, as in the case of what is most abnormal in Goya and in Balzac. An infinitely lesser artist, Mérimée, added a peculiar flavour of cruelty to the romantic ingredients. The devil, the old pagan gods, the spirits of evil incarnated under every form, fascinated him; it gave him a malign pleasure to set them at their evil work among men, while, all the time, he mocks them and the men who believed in them.

"Well, our merciless man has a merciless pleasure in his crimes and a morbid personal pride together with it. There are passions, crimes, and mistakes which have a kind of fatality in them: a fatality to be found in Vampires and in Vampire tribes. And to these, when they are personated in living beings, are given various forms of hatred and a love that's like lunacy; but to others—as I know is certainly one of our man's most fatal obsessions—only the other world exists, a world of maliciously active, hideous dead bodies."

Like one out of breath Flavian stops and drinks another glass of Madeira. This gives me the chance I want.

"We share in none of our man's illusions, surely, Flavian?" I answer. "But all one's illusions have their

origin in our perversity and in our genius of mendacity. There are exasperated souls amorous of the eternal fires of hell and more obscure intelligences whose sensations are easily hurt. The depraved animal has the right to defend himself against all our accusations. Nature has made monsters enough, in all conscience; and our man is a most remarkable monster, almost, though not so savage or so primitive, after the fashion of Caliban. And yet we, who still believe in God and can pray to him, might offer certain prayers against too civilised people, who always throw stones—as those of an older race do in the Bible—at their neighbours, and have no longer any reason to be known as Idolators."

"You are right there," Flavian replies. "Only what exasperates a man of taste—a woman of taste—is, in the spectacle of vice, its deformity, its disproportion. As for our sinister guest, he is horribly evil in almost every sense of the word evil—however normal he may be in his accesses of abnormality to himself—for the fact is invariable in regard to criminals, that all of them, from Nero to Torquemada, from Cain to Lacenaire, are justly named, and in God's name, *des âmes échappées d'un Enfer.*"

"Don't leave me alone," cries Marcelle, shuddering from head to foot, as she catches hold of my hand with a nervous strength I could hardly have imagined she had. "I dare neither leave this room to-night nor go home. The mere idea of ever meeting again this infernal creature makes me dread all one's to-morrows."

"Dear Marcelle," I supplicate, "we are perfectly safe here; the night is nearly over: and, indeed, why should any of us go home?"

Her lips twitch, her hand trembles; but Flavian, with one of those subtle gestures he only knows how to use, quiets her and goes on with his story.

"Can one even question what is the hereditary horror of doom once imminent over the house of Atreus to this instant imminence of no supernatural but a more woefully natural fate? He is not actually cursed and cast out of existence, but figuratively he is. He does not go beyond the presumable limits of human evil. He is not the unclean and malignant beast that Iago is. He is, for one thing, a fearful understudy in terror—for such is a necessary part

of his almost unimaginable character. This has been written by a man of immense genius: 'Every man may make for himself, and must allow that he cannot pretend to impose upon any other, his own image of the most wicked man ever created by the will of man or God.' Certainly our man has made for himself his own monstrous image in the form of what to him is wickedness."

"Perhaps," breaks in Nayrac, "the last cry of this man may be the cry of Ugolino to the earth that would not open to swallow and to save."

Flavian raises his huge black eyebrows and, looking round on us, says: "In all due homage to those ladies who bear us company, I have one fearful sentence to utter. In Shakespeare's world, as in Nature's, it is impossible that monsters should propagate: therefore our sinister guest shall beget neither sons nor daughters."

A blush, like the burning heart of a rose, flushes Ysabeau's pale cheeks. She turns aside, as if some passionate memory has surged in her imagination of some passionless or passionate shame. Marcelle laughs hysterically—a curious little frenzied laugh; a laugh that mocks its momentary existence. Juliette, with an impetuous movement, shakes her perfumed hair that shines red-gold under the lamplight; all her ardent beauty intoxicates me.

At that exact moment six o'clock sounds.

"An instant," I say. "This is an hour that makes us criminals, not as criminal as the man himself, nor as the man who has been executed; it is the hour that makes for madness. For, if my imagination errs not, we—who try in vain to have pity on these pitiless creatures—shall follow such people as these into strange and alien places, where some are flushed with bewildering wine, and some revel in each other's arms, and some revolt; for we are of those that burn tapers when it is always midnight; when, as now, the light of many tapers has burnt out the night, and there is outside only the welcoming void air."

There is a profound silence. Marcelle, seized with a sudden sensation, flings the window wide open; and we hear the hour struck by all the bells of Paris; and, at the sixth stroke, as we all shudder, I see on the red curtains signs of evident blood. I see in vision the dance of the daughters

of Herodias, each carrying a beautiful platter in her hand, smiling because each held against her breast some John the Baptist's head made lamentable; smiling—as not one of us, whose faces were bloodless, could have dared to smile—as innocently as if she carried, in the wind of red roses, a red, wet, quartered melon on a dish. Something cries in me; it is the voice of the flesh, repressed, but crying out against the spirit; the voice of bewitching temptations, that can never have been possible without just that savour of deadly delight which is passionate depravity. And, in all this crying of my flesh and spirit, this is revealed to me: that this dawn, or the next dawn, perhaps, might be the Judgment Day; for no word is said as the wind through the open window gives us another shudder, the last, certainly, of the atrocity of this merciless wind.

Notes on Discipline

By Stephen Graham

The sterner the discipline the better the soldier, the better the army. This is not a matter of debate at this point, for it is a well-established military principle and all nations act on it. A strong discipline is the foundation of heroic exploits in the field. In time of necessity, when a thousand men must fight to the last though all be wounded or killed, in order that a much larger number may march into safety, it is only a strongly disciplined body that will not accept prematurely the chance to surrender. When small parties of men get cut off from the main body or lose themselves in the enemy's lines they can nearly always injure or kill a few of the enemy and sometimes many before they themselves are put out of action. It is only men who have been taught never to entertain the thought of surrender who will do this. Poorly trained troops are always ready to "hands up." When in general action of any kind the front-line troops frequently find themselves in face of what seems inevitable death, and the impulse may come to stampede and run for it, causing endless confusion in the rear and giving the battle to the enemy. But sternly disciplined troops know that if they run from the face of the enemy they will be shot down from behind, and indeed they would themselves be ready to shoot down inferior troops stampeding through their lines. They do not entertain the hope of escape, and consequently their minds are at rest—as the mind of the machine-gunner voluntarily chained to his machine may be said to be at rest. The avenue to the rear is absolutely closed up *in the mind*. Such equanimity is produced by discipline. Stern discipline can manufacture collective heroism.

Modern warfare is predominantly one of machines. The human element on the positive side is valuable and perhaps indispensable for victory, but the human element on the negative side is dangerous and absolutely out of place. In fact, for the private soldier in action the one thing needful

is obedience. Imagination, thought, fear, love, and even hate are out of place, and through stern discipline these can be excluded. He needs to be at least as dependable as the machines. The whole army has to work like a machine, and the weakest bit in it will be the first to give way. Discipline is the necessary hardening and making dependable. The best troops, however, have a little bit of energy and movement over for when the machines go wrong.

A human being is naturally undisciplined. In fact, some animals have much more discipline in them and more obvious capabilities for discipline than a man. Because a man has thought and conscience but they have not. Personal conscience is one of the hardest things to modify or eliminate in any training. And yet it may be one of the most dangerous things that can be left. For it may easily turn a man from obedience to his superior officer at a critical moment. It may suggest pity for a wounded enemy or would-be enemy prisoner with whom the army dare not encumber itself. It may cause the hand to waver at the moment it should strike without hesitation. In short, it may whisper in the soldier's ear the dreadful monition, "Thou shalt not kill." It may give him sleepless nights and unfit him for duty when, if he had the simple army conscience, which is founded on implicit obedience, he might leave all responsibility on the shoulders of his superior officers and sleep like a child and awake refreshed —to kill and fear not.

Once a Taffy was troubled with his conscience. The sergeant said, "Don't you worry, I'll go to hell for it. You will be found innocent on the Day of Judgment." But the sergeant received his orders from the platoon commander, so he should also stand white before the Throne and the young officer be to blame. The platoon commander, however, had it from the captain of the company, the captain from the C.O. of the battalion, he from his brigadier, the brigadier-general from a major-general commanding a division, he in turn from the army corps commander, he from the divisional-general and he from the Commander-in-Chief. So if there is sin it is the Commander-in-Chief who should go to the fire for it, if not otherwise saved by his Redeemer.

But the Welshman, who was one of those who pursue Truth ungraciously, found that ultimate responsibility did not lie with the Army but with the Prime Minister, who was in turn responsible to Parliament, and Parliament was responsible to the whole people of Great Britain. That brought it back to the unwilling Welshman, and he said, "You see, I should go to hell for it after all."

I am afraid it is rather a matter for a Socrates or a Plato to decide.

It is a palpable fact, however, that an army not founded on the responsibility of some one else would fare disastrously in the field and would disperse as did the Russian Army at the Revolution. And if the army fared thus, the nation might pass into bondage.

But the national will is towards victory, and no one wishes to be a slave. Hence the unquestioned sway of discipline in time of war.

The enforcement of this discipline, however, is often more terrible than the ordeal by battle itself. After what a man goes through when he is properly trained he will suffer comparatively little in the face of the foe. Or, to put it in another way—the task of the N.C.O. or officer at the front in handling well-disciplined men is child's play compared with the task of breaking them in from civilised happiness and culture.

It has always to be borne in mind that the drill-sergeant is training men, not so much to drill correctly and smartly in the end of ends as to go unflinchingly to death or murder in war, and for that purpose he has not only to train the muscles but to break or bend the intelligence. In a great war where every class of educated or uneducated man is called up it is a Herculean task.

The easiest to train are no doubt the youngest, those nearest to school-life, those accustomed to obedience in the family, the workshop and factory. It is harder to discipline the developed working-man who has "rights" and grievances, who resorts to Trade Unions, and thinks his sorrows aired in *John Bull* can bring about a revolution. Clerks are on the whole a little more difficult to handle, though they are inclined to give in sooner than the working-man. Middle-aged men of any class need a hard battering to reduce their pride in self, their sense of being older. Professional

men of any age are harder still, and I suppose musicians, artists, poets are often hardest of all and belong to a class of impossibles. A squad of the recruits of any regiment at any time in the war presented an extraordinary variety of types, professions, ages.

But if the comment may sometimes arise: "How unjust and disgusting that a man of refinement or of letters or of acknowledged 'position' should be subjected to such verbal brutality and insult as I have seen," it must be remembered that it can all be justified on the higher ground of discipline. All manner of substantial men, the most able, proud, well-known, respected in our common life and culture of England, have been reduced to type for the use of the machine. If they had not been thus reduced, where would England be to-day?

The only legitimate objection that can be raised is that very often the most intelligent were bludgeoned down to be war-slaves whereas the most stupid got through to places of authority. That is true, but it raises another question.

The general assumption is that a large intelligence is not necessary in war. A limited intelligence is more useful. No one may go far in original warfare except an army chief. Obedience rules.

The war, of course, caught Britain unawares. A fighting force had to be provided at once. But the population had not been sorted out, and the Government did not know the resources of *quality* which it had. It had only time for *quantity*. It would be agreed that the army could not afford to "entertain strangers" on the assumption that they might be angels unawares. So once you were in the army it has not mattered what you were in civil life, a green youth or a father of ten, the man with the muck-cart or a professor, you were (and are) (if not now incapacitated) a man, an effective, a *bayonet*.

> "As hounds and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs,
> Shoughs, water-rugs and demi-wolves are clept
> All by the name of dogs: the valued file
> Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,
> The house-keeper, the hunter,—every one
> According to the gift which bounteous nature
> Hath in him closed; whereby he does receive
> Particular addition, from the bill
> That writes them all alike: and so of men."

The valued file can only come into use again with Peace.

Then the "bayonets" will turn into poets, ploughmen, philosophers, butlers, gamekeepers, and the rest.

There must be at least fifty occasions in our war in which the conduct of the Light Brigade has been equalled. But the extra glory remains with the Light Brigade because the army of those days was less disciplined and more individual than the army of to-day. The soldier knew "some one had blundered." But now a charge of the Light Brigade is all in the day's work, and it doesn't matter whether some one has blundered or no.

In this war men have craved wounds to get release, and have jumped for death because it was better than life—life under the new discipline. Rage has accumulated that could never be expressed except in ferocity against the enemy. And such habits of patience under suffering have been formed as could not be exhausted. And whenever one more rash and intemperate than the rest has rebelled against a superior officer, the wiser and more experienced have said to him, "Don't be a fool, if you go against the army the army will break you."

Or another has said, "Grouse * about it. Have a good grouse and you'll feel better for it." For grousing harms no one but your own spiritual self. It is damp anger, and will never ignite to action, never flame out in mutiny. It is what all slaves do—grouse together in the gloaming and rage impotently against their masters. Grousing is not only compatible with discipline, but is an inevitable accompaniment of it, and is recognised as harmless. Even when a private talks of shooting his own sergeant or company officer in the next *mêlée* if he has a chance—it is nonsense, for he will never do it. Instead he will fight the enemy most bitterly and put all his humiliation and resentment into his bayonet and his bullets. Even in extremity, when his comrades are perishing all around him and he stands in the gap with heroical aspect, he will have a strange satisfaction and peace of heart in blazing away at his foe, at having his face to him and being in the action of killing him. Then the wide circling arm of the machine-gun sweeps round and he is brought down to

* *Grouse*, a vulgar word for a vulgar thing—to let oneself be impotently angry.

earth—one more victim sacrificed upon the European altar.

I do not know why the various occasions on which battalions have fought till there were merely a few score survivors have not been properly chronicled, but have been veiled in such phrases as "magnificent conduct of the Staffordshires," "grim determination of the Cheshires," "gallant fighting of the London Scottish." It is a laconic way of telling you that certain platoons or companies fought shoulder to shoulder till the last man dropped and would not give in, or that they were shelled to nothingness, or getting over the top they went forward till they all withered away under machine-gun fire, or that detail after detail of bombers passed up the communication trench treading on the bodies of those who had gone before. More V.C.s have gone to the dead than to the living, have they not? Though indeed it is not a fitting token for the dead—the dead have the Cross of their Redemption. But it is perhaps amusing to the gods "who smile in secret" when, a fortnight after some exploit, a field-marshal or divisional-general comes down to a battalion to thank it for its gallant conduct and fancies for a moment, perchance, that he is looking at the men who did the deed of valour, and not at a large draft that has just been brought up from England and the base to fill the gap. He should ask the services of the chaplain and make his congratulations in the graveyard, or go to the hospitals and make them there.

Still, he means well, and there is no military grievance against him. The war is to be carried on by the living and the whole, and in congratulating the live battalion he inculcates in a most powerful way the tradition of the regiment. After all, if half the men have not yet suffered they assuredly will soon, and they will deserve congratulation in due course. Moreover, it becomes easier to do your bit when you realise you are not the first to do it. The more men die the easier it becomes to die. Death becomes cheaper and cheaper. It becomes a matter of the everyday.

Still the official class may not soon be forgiven for withholding the desperate details of scores of glorious passages of arms. It is not enough to thank regiments publicly or mention them unless the public can be made to realise that a fine restraint prevents us from making solemn

and national every occasion of great devotion to duty. The common feeling must be that—add together the heroic occasions of all our historic wars, Spanish Succession, Seven Years, Peninsular, Napoleonic, Crimean, and they would not exceed in number those of this war of 1914–1918. And in the achievement hundreds of thousands of anonymous heroes, poor obedient soldiers, have perished. Dead ere their prime—

"Without the meed of some melodious tear."

I do not know whether the story will ever be told or if it will ever be realised. "A thing of beauty is a joy for ever, its loveliness can never pass away." But the deed of beauty? The candle which once lit can never be put out. Have the candles ever been lit? Are not an infinite series of heroic actions and pathetic if noble human sacrifices swallowed up in the darkness of Time, still-born in oblivion? The night after night of holding the line, the standing fast against machine-gunnery, against the methodically destructive fire of the guns, against the suffocating streams of poison gas, the men entangled in the wire and killed as in a trap, the men drowned in the mud, the countless series of occasions when a few stood together heroically against terrible odds and were mown down, but not defeated, by the machinery of destruction.

The frustrate red blaze of artillery over the pale faces of humanity night after night in the despicable mud-beds of the trenches; the bright eyes of live soldiers, the sodden corpses of dead soldiers, the stars in the remote heavens, the deathless thoughts and impulses in heart and mind. In the living poem of man's life the sacrifice of our men and their triumph swells as an eternal chorus—even though we cannot hear it.

It was decided in 1917 that after the war a monument would be raised on every battlefield in France and Flanders, graven with the names of the dead, and that underneath the names should be written some fitting motto. It was regarded as essential that the motto should be the same on all the monuments, but a suitable motto had not been found. A committee was at work deliberating on the details and trying to decide what the motto should be. And one evening in the New Year, shortly after I had come up to London

from that "Little Sparta" where I was trained, I met at a friend's house other friends and we discussed this fascinating and (I think) sacred choice. Certain celebrated men had made suggestions—so one who was on the committee said—and he gave us a list of mottoes, such as:

"*They died for Freedom,*"

and

"*What I give I have,*"

and

"*My utmost for the Highest,*"

and Kipling's happy words:

"*Who stands if Freedom fall?*
Who dies if England live?

"Go tell to Sparta" was mentioned, and in putting the choice to the company we were set thinking about the war and the soldier in a special way. It touched each man's heart and made him responsive to the great tragedy in France. Some of the suggestions might seem prosaic and ordinary, set down coldly in print, but with the thoughts of the heart softening and spiritualising them as they were said, each had a poetry of its own. The truest note of the evening seemed to me to be in words suggested by one of the company: "By their sacrifice *we live*" or in "*They died that we might live,*" and I should have liked that to stand. The one that had most favour was: "My utmost for the Highest," a celestial motto for the living, but perhaps too striving for those who now

"Sleep, sweetly sleep,
Whilst the days and the years roll by."

One thought that seemed to weigh was that the motto would be equally acceptable to Mohammedans and to Christians alike, and that "By their sacrifice we live" was too Christian an idea. And being fresh from Little Sparta barracks I thought to myself: "If the mystical Christian idea of sacrifice is not available, why not the Spartan splendour of discipline, and

"Tell to Sparta thou that passest by,
That here obedient to her laws we lie."

Since then a motto has been chosen—the one found by Kipling in Ecclesiasticus:

"*Their Name liveth for evermore,*"

which for us means that their fame liveth for ever, their

good name liveth for ever, and mankind will be eternally grateful to those who died to rid us of tyranny and war. Perhaps what the soldiers have done *is* destined to be more recognised as years go on. As it is, in the war we have thought too lightly of our men in their wounds and their death. There has been too little sense of gratitude to the man who has laid down his life on the altar. Because it was his *duty* he was doing, because we knew him disciplined to go to it unflinching, we have involuntarily discounted his sacrifice. At home munition-workers and civilians of all kinds lived in comfort and in money and bought War Loan stock and felt they also were "doing their bit," as if there were any similarity between their lives and those of the men at the front. The soldier also was *doing his duty*. The idea of duty rather than of sacrifice has prevailed—something *due paid* rather than of something *sacred made*. And yet every man who died on these fields was offered up on the altar for Europe's sins.

Satan's Prologue to the War*

By Vernon Lee

Hell: a vague remaining corner of the Primæval Darkness.

SATAN *alone. His figure becomes gradually visible, outlined against the blank blackness, by the dim grey light which emanates from it, or, more properly, of which it consists.*

He is seated at one end of a long Empire sofa, very much in the pose of one of Michelangelo's Medici Dukes, resting one arm on his knee and his chin on his hand, deep in weary and mysterious meditation.

Silence, during which SATAN'S *figure becomes, while remaining dim and disembodied, a little more visible, showing that he is dressed very much like that Michelangelo statue. Shadowy wings seem folded behind him.*

Knocking is heard, and a strange bark as of several wolves, three different notes making a kind of chord.

SATAN. Another bore! This endless interviewing of silly human Passions is enough to spoil the pleasure of my great coming performance, my Ballet of the Nations. . . . I thought I had given instructions to all my *personnel*, and might enjoy a half-hour of solitude and silence; for Satan, though lonely, is never let alone. Well! let Cerberus detain them at my doors.

(*The barking approaches, and with it is at length heard the voice, a fine rolling contralto, of* CLIO, *Muse of History.*)

THE MUSE. Down, Cerberus, down!—good dog, good little dog. It's only its old friend Clio, who has brought it a nice little sop of honey-lies.

SATAN. The Muse of History! I had quite forgotten our appointment. There she is, irreclaimably classic and never forgetting her plastic poses; indiscreet beyond all other Immortals, and, of course, an hour before her time! Still, my performance needs her reporting. And although she is a fool of the first water, she has rubbed shoulders in her professional capacity with so many celebrated persons that she may pass muster as intelligent. Since she has cost me my brief moment of privacy, let me amuse myself a little by mystifying her.

(*The barking has ceased. Enter* THE MUSE, *with the marble impetuosity of the Victory of Samothrace, and very angry in an operatic way. She does not recognise* SATAN *in the dark.*)

THE MUSE. Insolence, I call it! I tell you I am invited to attend your Master; and you shall answer to him, whoever you are, for having kept me waiting out there with Cerberus! Hullo, you there in the dark, tell my Lord Satan that Clio waits upon him: Clio, Muse of History, not to be mistaken for that new-fangled impostor who makes free with my name to retail vulgar details about laws and institutions and the price of foodstuffs; Clio, real Muse of real History, sister of Tragedy and the Impassioned Lyric, and dealing only with deeds heroic, elevating, and most often destructive.

---

* Being the first part of *Satan, Stage-Manager: A Philosophical War-Trilogy*, shortly to be published by John Lane. All rights reserved by the Author.

SATAN. All right, all right, don't be flustered. No one would ever mistake you for anything scientific, my dear Clio.

THE MUSE (*taken aback*). The voice of Satan himself! (*She curtsies in several directions in the dark.*) Forgive me, Prince of Darkness. Your Kingdom seems even less well-lit than usual, after the garish modern world. I thought I had to do with some attendant Fiend new to the service; why, Cerberus himself scarcely knew my voice.

SATAN (*has risen and shakes hands*). A thousand apologies, dearest Muse. The fires of Hell have long since been extinguished, for no one took them seriously in these godless days. Your perspicacious eyes will grow once more accustomed to this dear primæval darkness; and, after my coming ballet, the lights of Earth will no longer offend you; even there gloom and a touch of chaos will prevail. But come, let us have a look at each other, my excellent old Friend!

(SATAN *increases the ominous light which emanates from his person, and is revealed like a tempestuous moon thinly veiled in clouds: beautiful, archangelic, without age or sex, all-powerful, omniscient, sad, but with much sense of humour.*)

SATAN (*pointing to the other corner of the Empire sofa*). Come, sit opposite where I can look at you. Dear old Clio! I am glad to see you quite unchanged! Classic, even to the invariable key-pattern on your hem! The same majestic *embonpoint,* like some ample-bosomed prima donna in a Wagner opera, but with the incomparable contralto, luscious but rolling, suitable to Handel. And not aged a bit!

THE MUSE. You are too good, my Lord; and your ancient friendship does not see the ravages of time in my poor wrinkled face. (CLIO *takes out a powder puff and applies it with frank and delicate grace.*) But as to you, my Lord! Satan, of all creative and created Forces, alone maintains unblemished youth.

(SATAN *shakes his head.*)

THE MUSE (*anxious to make herself agreeable after the gaffe committed on entering, looks round her for something to say*). How truly restful is this ancient place! The ideal retreat, I always say, for one uniting in his person action, thought, and fancy.

SATAN (*bows, one hand on his heart*). A good old place! The only bit still left of the deep Void and Darkness whence Life and Light arose to plague me and be plagued by me! You know it well of old! But such are the regrettable compromises with error to which professional men of letters, and even muses, are obliged, that you yourself, I notice, have more than once described this home of quiet brooding evil as peopled with the myriad damned who encumber the world above with their dead carcasses and equally offensive living souls. To think that poets and divines have packed these restful solitudes with brimstone flames, bogs of boiling mud, lakes of ice, and viewless winds, all crammed with garrulous deceased humans! Little did I guess, when I made all moralists vindictive, that, not being satisfied with what Satan makes of Earth, this vindictiveness of theirs would intrude feeble copies thereof into his own dwelling, whence he sends evil to suffer and avenge itself above.

THE MUSE. Too true, alas! my Lord. The literary trade is frequently obliged to make truth acceptable by standing it on its head; for instance, put what people call Hell *below,* when it is so visibly *above,* the earth's surface; time it *after* death, when it is obviously present during life. But misrepresentations of this trifling kind are crumpled rose-leaves in the Arch-Fiend's bed. And . . . forgive the indiscretion of so old a friendship, you seem a little depressed to-day. Anything gone wrong?

SATAN. Oh, no! Everything as it should be: evil hatching everywhere; and, in another hour, triumphant through one-half of Earth. I am only bored. But that is not unusual with me.

THE MUSE. Bored, my dear Lord Satan! Why, you have invited me to report the very greatest performance you have ever staged!

SATAN. Yes, I truly think the finest. By the way, did you pass on my invitation to the Ages-to-Come?

THE MUSE. I have, my Lord. They will be here in good time.

SATAN. That's right. They shall have front stalls; for they are more appreciative than the Virtues of our audience, who always fall asleep when the performance offends their principles. But as to you, *your* seat is next to mine, as beseems the great Recording Muse.

THE MUSE (*claps her hands in delight*). Oh, dear Lord Satan!

SATAN. We are very old friends, Clio. What would History have to record but for the doings of Satan? And, save for your varied talents, what memory would there be for evil deeds? But come, let us have a little chat, dear old Muse. There is still half an hour till the bell rings and we go aloft. Except your disembodied friends, the Ages-to-Come, no one will have admittance here below. Some of the Virtues would doubtless enjoy seeing my quiet home, but its thin and dehumanised atmosphere makes them cough. And as to our Orchestra of Human Passions, they are always in training, and it is the Ballet Master's duty to summon them in time. All else is ready. I need scarce remind you that the real preparation for this new Ballet of mine began long ages back; one might almost say with the first wars which, making men afraid, taught them to bring on aggression by their precautions for self-defence. So that the necessary pretexts and arguments for hatred have, like the painted scenery of an earthly play-house, accumulated on my hands from age to age, ready to shift from side to side. Thus in the coming Ballet you will recognise, not without amusement, the self-same insults against Britain's whilom comrades-in-arms which Burke and Pitt had used against Britain's present-day allies, the once frog-eating systematic murderers called French. And now the scene-shifters of the Press and Cabinets are busy above; listen! you can just hear their hammering. And the armament-mongers have sent in all their latest millinery.

THE MUSE. And how is Ballet Master Death, your gifted son?

SATAN. My *nephew*, if you don't mind, dear Clio. Prejudice is sacred in my eyes, and I should hate to be a cause of scandal to my weaker brethren. You ask, how is Ballet Master Death? Oh, well! we all grow old, and he never had a good constitution to begin with. And then perpetual worry! All those doctors and social reformers spoiling his sport and almost throwing him back on mere telluric horrors, shipwrecks and earthquakes, and such like.

THE MUSE. Yes, indeed! We have had a dull time of it, and a difficult one, in that bourgeois Victorian Age, with people talking of Peace, Retrenchment, and Reform, and even practising them a little. But this new century has brought back a nobler and more ideal way of thinking. Mankind is getting once more to recognise that man cannot live by bread alone.

SATAN. Just so. His moral digestion is apt to become torpid from protracted peace and plenty. Then man requires the heroic remedies of primitive medicine: Vitalising Lies, Alcoholic Syrup of Catch Words wherein to swallow such *materia medica* as moderns blush to mention; fastings and blood-lettings; drastic purges, as Aristotle prescribed by terror and pity; and such upsetting of the whole circulation as spiritual dervishes and flagellants employ in order to restore the zest of life. . . . Forgive my coarseness, dear Muse of History! It is no longer every day I can converse with refined intellectuals like you. Philosophers and Poets do, of course, join enthusiastically in my shows when, as in the Coming Ballet, the orchestra of Patriotism is engaged. But, at other moments, my work lies more and more with Prejudice and Dullness. If boredom were not part of Satan's doom, I sometimes think I should die of it, dear Muse!

THE MUSE (*in her finest manner*). Boredom is surely the nemesis of all great eminence in this mediocre universe.

SATAN. No, most amiable of sycophants; Satan is always bored, not through excess of greatness, but for a different reason.

THE MUSE. A different reason! Indeed! Is it presuming on your friendly condescension and the intense interest which History has always taken in what pertains to Evil—is it indiscreet to ask what kind of reason?

SATAN. "Satan's table talk, by One who Knows Him," eh? Don't deny it, Clio, you see yourself already as my Boswell!

THE MUSE (*modest, but intensely delighted*). O my Lord, my ambition never soared. . . .

SATAN. Why not? Milton and Goethe and thousands of divines and moralists have published so many spurious accounts of me, that I might as well, once in a way, give the world a little correct information about my humble self. To do so with your help will serve to while away the half-hour still remaining until the curtain rises on my new Ballet. So let us talk, dear Clio. Are you comfortably seated? (SATAN *shoves a footstool beneath* THE MUSE'S *feet.*)

THE MUSE. Always so thoughtful for his friends, our dear Lord Satan!

SATAN. Well then: Satan is bored because he never feels love.

THE MUSE. The world at large, not having the advantage of such delightful experiences as mine, has indeed always taxed your Lordship with . . . shall we say? a trifling lack of loving-kindness.

SATAN. And correctly. That, however, is not my meaning. There are other kinds of love than loving-kindness, Clio, although the self-righteousness of loveless moralists has talked as if that—love of your neighbour, country, enemy, love of the poor by those who are well off—were the only kind of love. . . .

THE MUSE (*archly*). *We* are not moralists, my Lord, but men and women of the world! . . .

SATAN. Oh, that is not what I am driving at. No allusion to the Daughters of Men whom the Sons of God found fair; and such-like gossip. The notion that real love must be illicit, or at all events such as virtuous persons hide away in modest alcoves, is merely the inverted prudery of silly moderns. Love does comprise all that, whether preached from the pulpit or whispered with a wink; but love is something larger, and transcends human relations, though it takes its name from them. Love not merely of creatures, but of anything else: places, employments, aspects, ideas, and aims; love which means attraction, attachment, preference, the power of delighting in whatever it may be: the mother's delight in her children, the thinker's in his problems, the poet's and the child's in the bare sense and spectacle of life, the plain man's in all his plans and prospects. *That* is love, love in the widest sense. And that is denied me. You noticed I was bored. The secret of that eternal boredom lies in this. Satan, my dear old interviewer, though in all else omnipotent, is impotent on one point. He cannot take delight.

(*A pause.* THE MUSE *does not know what she ought to say.*)

SATAN. Satan cannot love, any*one* or any*thing*. Satan's only manner of possessing (but he has fashioned half mankind in his own jealous image) is to deny delight or use to others. For him the sense of power comes not in making, understanding, or loving; but only in spoiling. Shall I tell you what I am?

THE MUSE. I should esteem it a great favour, and of inestimable advantage to my future work, if you would, my Lord.

SATAN. Then listen, Clio. *I am the Power that Wastes.* Being unable to use, I render useless; taking no pleasure in fruition, I smite with barrenness. And the more precious, rare, and sorely needed, the more I waste whatever it may be: earth and time's opportunities of joy and betterment; man's life, man's labour, and man's thought. But, most of all, man's

goodness. So that Satan's truest name might be: the Waster of Human Virtue.

THE MUSE. How deeply interesting! I trust it may not be presuming too much on your kindness to ask your Lordship for an instance or two in illustration of the above remarks?

SATAN. Willingly. And since you are a Muse, wearing a key-pattern, genuine classic, on your frock, you shall have an instance from Homer. You must correct me if my memory plays tricks with the quotation. It is Achilles speaking:—"Farewell, Patroclus, even in the house of Hades. I am now doing all that I have promised thee. Twelve sons of noble Trojans shall the flames consume along with thee. But dogs, not fire, shall devour the flesh of Hector, son of Priam."*

THE MUSE. I don't quite grasp your illustration, dear Lord Satan. That was cruelty, the wolf not quite purged away out of primitive man. Nothing was being *wasted?*

SATAN. Do wolves butcher prey which they cannot eat in order to avenge some dear dead wolf? No. Such virtue is human.

THE MUSE. Virtue, my Lord?

SATAN. Surely. Loyalty to the dead; one of the virtues I greatly enjoy spoiling; and a virtue which, far from being purged away from modern man, is about to furnish me some sublime effects. . . . But I will not forestall my Ballet, except to tell you that one of its main themes—its *leit-motivs,* as Wagnerians say—is my dealing with just such virtue: the sweet and ardent loyalty of noble lads, ready to die themselves and kill other noble lads, lest dear comrades should have died in vain; loyalty also which makes the bereaved mother send her last son that his dead elder brothers may not feel forsaken. That is virtue, you will not deny. And of such sacred and much needed virtue I will make a vice.

THE MUSE (*impressed, but not quite sure whether she has really understood*). A very original and dramatic notion, to be sure, my Lord!

SATAN. And this leads me to correct what I told you just now. Did I say I took delight in nothing? That requires revision. I love sacrifice.

THE MUSE. You are a god, and all gods share that taste.

SATAN. My sacrifices are genuine, and wholesale; not wretched little cakes, or grains of incense, or the inferior cuts of sacrificial beasts; nor hearts uplifted in momentary fervour; mere tiny tithes of what mankind produces for its own use and pleasure. My sacrifices leave nothing behind them; unlike all other gods, I claim the whole; and I consume it all. The furnaces of Moloch smoked for *me.*

(THE MUSE *is a little taken aback at* SATAN'S *sudden emphasis of manner, and doubtful whether it is in perfect taste.*)

THE MUSE. I am aware of that. Indeed, I might make bold to point out to your Lordship that the Muse of History can really be trusted to know such facts.

SATAN. The facts, but not the meaning.

THE MUSE (*nettled*). You are unfair, my Lord! Even Milton, though only a poet, was taught by me that every superstition, save his own—his list was just a trifle sectarian—had been invented by your Lordship.

SATAN. But neither your Christian Milton, nor your Classic self, seems to have guessed that it is not the obscene rituals of Baal and Belial, nor the frenzy of mad fanaticism and monastic rule, which brought the offerings most savoury to my nostrils. Not Iphigenia, her white throat cut like a garlanded heifer's to procure a wind; not Jephthah's daughter, bewailing her unwedded girlhood, have been the most spotless victims immolated on my altars. Not even the glorious army of martyrs, palmed and golden-stoled, whose blood—oh, rosy blood of virgins and of little children!—was lapped up by my avenging Hounds of Persecution, making them

* *Iliad xxiii.*: kindly translated for me by Mr. Desmond MacCarthy.

ravenous for more martyred flesh. Not the countless multitude of uncanonised saints who, killing self, breed selfishness in others; nor the myriad heroes (reckon them up ever since wars began!) who died for doubtful causes or no cause at all. I have received higher oblations; Lambs more Unblemished have bled for me. For all true sacrifice is sacrifice to Satan.

THE MUSE. You are eloquent, my Lord. But, as so often happens nowadays with literary genius, you overstate your case and damage it by wilful paradox. Why, it is a precept of the commonest worldly wisdom that sacrifice is at times an excellent investment, whether for the next world or for this. And all moralists have taught, even the crassest Epicureans, that life insists upon it at almost every turn.

SATAN. A good investment, whether the interest be paid in heavenly glory or in earthly self-complacence, is not a sacrifice, dear Clio. And as to what life demands at every turn, that is renunciation and endurance, since every turn of life means discrimination and choice; preference of larger to less, of future to present; of lasting satisfaction to brief or tainted rapture; and of arduous, uncertain adventure with its entrancing breathlessness and heart-beat to yawning security. Last, but not least, life at every turn bids mankind renounce its appetites and its ease for mankind's most abiding comforts, the standards of the human race; nay, it often bids the individual man renounce his race's habits and commandments for the sake of that secret treasure and torment, his own conscience. Sacrifice such as this is, as you rightly say, of profit. But in so far it is no sacrifice, but mere postponement or exchange of desired things. Satan disdains such barter of good for better; he claims absolute oblation. My sacrifice is sheer loss, and the offering to my essential godhead is *waste*.

(*A pause:* THE MUSE *does not know what she is expected to answer, and murmurs merely, "To be sure! Of course!"*)

SATAN. Thus all true sacrifice is to the Power of Evil. And, I may add, oftenest obtained by my twin servants, Delusion and Confusion; or, in other words, Passion seeing everything through its own likes and dislikes, and Dullness never seeing anything at all. It is most interesting to watch them at their work, heading Mankind away from Mankind's only efficacious helper, the harsh, responsive Reality of Things. Thanks largely to this incomparable pair of innocent liars, I may say without lack of modesty that of all gods I am the one who has received the hugest holocausts of wasted virtue, hecatombs compared with which all the bulls and rams offered in Solomon's temple, all the superb butchery which smirched the marble fairness of the antique world, are of no more account than the minutest grain of incense which a village acolyte throws on the live coals in his tinsel censer.

THE MUSE. But, at that rate—forgive me, dear Lord Satan, but History, alas! has to run the gauntlet of much impertinent *why* and *wherefore*—at that rate, how explain that this small world still contains something—life, wealth, or virtue—which has not yet been wasted in your rites?

SATAN. The question is legitimate; and, alas! contains an answer fatal to my greatness. Waste, dear Clio, by an inconvenient so-called Law of Nature, tends in its very essence to waste itself away. And then there was a sacrifice in which, well planned though it was and daringly attempted, Satan did not succeed. You recollect the business of the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil?

THE MUSE. Recollect it? Why, I recorded not one, but several conflicting accounts of the occurrence, especially the one now authorised, and the older one official among the Chaldees, from whom our enterprising Jewish plagiarists took it, but merely to change its bearing, as so often happens when men of letters and theologians work on each other's copy. And since you have alluded to this justly popular story, I can't resist the opportunity of ascertaining, once for all, what precisely, among such con-

flicting versions, really *was* your Lordship's part in that, shall we say? bad business.

SATAN. Bad certainly for me, dear Clio!

THE MUSE. Was it so bad for *you*, my Lord? Perhaps not all you aimed at. But surely you scored something?—"brought death into the world and all our woe," etc. That was not to be despised.

SATAN. Of course not. And, moreover, brought me—as is figured in that medieval legend which makes that self-same tree serve for the wood of the True Cross—brought me, though unsuccessful, the sublimest sacrifice in which my altars ever gloried.

THE MUSE (*knowingly*). That has long since been my view; and sundry early Christian theologians nearer the sources, but since branded as heretical, went so far as to declare that it was to your Lordship that the Deity found Himself obliged, like the patriarch Abraham, to offer up His Son. This circumstance has indeed made me suspect that the Tree in question could not have really been planted by the Creator, like some horticultural exhibit intended to be looked at but not eaten of.

(THE MUSE *hesitates, looking at* SATAN *with the embarrassment of a person not certain of having guessed the truth, and still less certain whether the truth will be welcome.*)

SATAN (*contemptuously*). God neither planted nor forbade its use. So far your guess is right.

THE MUSE (*delighted*). I thought as much! Then . . . your Lordship must forgive my indiscretion, but History's greatest joy is, after all, that of an occasional shrewd look through a millstone . . . then, since such really was the case, I mean that Tree not being planted by God, it must have been planted by . . . ? (THE MUSE *looks at* SATAN *as much as to ask "by you?"*) . . . in short . . . in other words . . . it was planted by . . .

SATAN (*suddenly, to* THE MUSE'S *amazement and almost consternation*). By *Man,* and Man's wife, Woman. The All-Creator gave the seed. But, like his other seeds, the original multifold Power scattered it broadcast, to lie dormant, quicken, or perish, as might be. Man saved it from the vast indifferent lavishness, and, like the ear of wild wheat, put it into chosen soil, watered and cherished it as it sprouted, that he might eat its fruit and his children shelter in its shade.

THE MUSE. To be sure! The precise particulars had somehow escaped my memory. History has really *too* many things to remember!

SATAN. You were not there, my dear. I *was*. So I will give History a little lesson in her own subject.

THE MUSE (*nettled, but inquisitive*). Your Lordship's conversation cannot fail to be instructive.

SATAN. Well, then! This is the story of the Tree of Knowledge. In the beginning which had no beginning, mere timeless, aimless Chaos and Old Night, Creation stirred, creating its own powers, the multifold of quickening forces making for shape from substance and for soul from motion. I was not born yet.

THE MUSE (*still irritated*). That much is not unknown. You were an afterthought, my dear Lord Satan, as befits a rebel.

SATAN. Not a rebel, Clio. But, like many who pass for such, a staunch conservative. I opposed the coming change, loyal to the Chaos and Darkness that had given me birth. I resolved to turn this new-fangled order into anarchy. So, when soul quickened within body, I saw to clogging it by body's clinging habits, and, in return, unsettled secure instincts with half-fledged reason. Man was not yet; hence neither Good nor Evil; but in the lowest brutes already pain and pleasure emerged, the great creative poles determining life's tides. And at once I seized upon them for my purpose, using pleasure to increase pain. Then, as your Milton put it, I sought in good the means to evil so soon as good and evil came along with man. To this end I sought to turn that Tree

planted from God's seed in God's great park, warping its growth; and, when it grew despite me, filling its fruitful branches with chimæras and harpies of all foul kinds.

THE MUSE. That is truly interesting! But may I point out that your Lordship's nomenclature is a trifle lacking in precision? At one moment you call the tree in question "Tree of Knowledge"; at another, "Tree of Good and Evil."

SATAN. They are the same. For, unknown, good is not good, nor evil evil; words betokening Man's choice, and answering to Man's needs.

THE MUSE. I see! That would account for Man's planting that particular tree, instead of . . . well! your Lordship.

SATAN (*looks at* THE MUSE *in amazement*). Instead of *me!* Of *me*, dear Clio? O History, you are a greater goose than ever I guessed! Why, that Tree's planting meant my doom, however long postponed by manifold arts. That Tree! Why, I've attacked it with hundredfold devices: droughts, hurricanes, and loathsome parasites and the obscene snouts of devils turned into swine. I've bled its sap, stripped off its bark, and seared roots and branches with frost and fire; urged Man to cut it down, lest it should prove a upas and strangle all his children in its growth. I've borrowed Jove's official lightnings to blast it. I have seen it parch and wither, branch drop off after branch, crop mildew after crop. But, alas! only to note with anguish new blossoms and ever unexpected shoots. Satan plant that hateful holy Tree? O Clio, Clio, that even you could think. . . . Why, that Tree, which clasps with a hundred branches the willing heavens, is at the same time delving its million roots and rootlets deeper and further into Chaos and Darkness, narrowing and squeezing this Hell of mine till it becomes no bigger than this pretty little hand of yours. I will tell you a secret, Clio: absurd as it at present sounds, some day there will be no more room for Satan.

THE MUSE. Indeed! That is, I own, a most disheartening supposition, and accounts for a slight vein of—may I call it?—morbidness which I have grieved to notice in your Lordship's previous remarks. I must not, however, hide from you that there have been rumours to the effect of Satan being . . . well, more correctly described as *long-lived* than as *immortal* in the literal sense. If this be true, let me remind you of the saying of that enlightened ruler Sardanapalus, "Eat, drink, and be merry"; the rest is not worth a fig!

SATAN (*ironically pressing her hand*). Dear Gossip History! Not Job's comforter, but Satan's!

THE MUSE. And think what opportunities you still have before you!—although you have made clear to me that it is a case, as the poet so charmingly puts it, of gathering your rosebuds while you may. A European war lasting for years may surely be accounted such. For that, if I am correctly informed, is the subject of the new Ballet to which you have so graciously invited poor old Clio?

SATAN (*kissing her finger-tips gallantly*). Just so. My lease of life, though good for many thousand years, is shortening; shrinking with every great success of mine, like the *peau de chagrin* in Balzac's romance. I may, however, tell you that there is another, and more pressing, reason why I have hurried on this great new spectacle.

THE MUSE. The present moment is eminently propitious. I am told by one or two leaders of modern thought, who frequent my *salon*, that mankind has attained amazing control over science's means without so far an inkling of science's discipline and aims. Twentieth-century men appear to be slum-and-office savages retaining the worship of all the good old tribal fetiches and racy obscene emblems, and carrying on their ancient cannibal habits under new-fangled and decent names; yet at the same time wielding, thanks to some dozen men of genius . . .

SATAN. Waste of genius! Waste of science! There you have a trifling sample of my sport! . . .

THE MUSE (*not to be interrupted*). . . . Wielding, as I said, appliances which, without enlarging mind or heart, abolish space and multiply all brutish powers a thousandfold. If this account is true, no moment could be better suited for a Dance of Death such as the poor unsophisticated Middle Ages never imagined in their most celebrated nightmares.

SATAN (*who has politely suppressed a yawn*). You are rightly informed, as befits the Muse of History. But that is not the most urgent reason for hurrying on my monster entertainment. Between you and me, in the very strictest confidence, dear Clio, my Ballet Master Death is growing old.

THE MUSE. You have hinted something to that effect. And I confess that I have myself noticed, not without the deepest concern, that our genial friend has been looking anything but well of late, and seems to be losing some of his faculties. He is said to have been a gay dog in his prime, loving excess for its own sake, and, it is whispered, addicted more and more to eccentric pleasures. Such lack of self-restraint tells, alas! even on the most robust constitutions in the long run. Dear old Ballet Master Death! *un vieux marcheur,* as the French classics say, and now getting *un peu gaga,* I fear.

SATAN. Yes. Still pretty spry, but tabetic and threatened with creeping paralysis. His constitution, though I say it who should not, was never really good. Sin, his poor dear mother, was always somewhat of an invalid, and the intermarriage of very close relations does not, alas! result in robust offspring. Well, well, I shall be the first to suffer for these peccadilloes of my youth! My poor old nephew! Alas! dear Clio, our dear incomparable Ballet Master Death is not with us for very much longer.

THE MUSE. You have my deepest sympathy in your—well, more than paternal anxiety. But there is no real danger—I mean, danger of . . . surely? I see, as everyone *must* see, that Ballet Master Death is no longer what he was, and that science (I begin to understand the prejudice you show against the Tree of Knowledge) has almost, as an Irishman might say, been the death of him. He has been warned off one pestilence after another; famines are growing scarce; and, except in the venerable Orient, religious massacres are everywhere marked "Trespass." Such constant interference cannot fail to tell on his sensitive nerves and spoil poor Death's temper, which was never very good. But I am glad to remember that in his case you need never apprehend the very worst. Death, at all events, can never die outright. He and the Creative Power—*Elan Vital,* as my friend Bergson calls it—are *the* two Immortals.

SATAN. Not *this* Death.

THE MUSE. *This* Death?

SATAN. Not my Ballet Master, my jester in ordinary, my rowdy boon companion, my incomparable, atrocious, grim, leering, lewd, worm-eaten scarecrow! He, alas! *can* die. And, to my sorrow, *will.* The immortal is the other.

THE MUSE. The other what?

SATAN. The other Death. The true one. For, although History has not grasped that secret, our Ballet Master merely usurps his name and functions.

THE MUSE (*scared*). In that case, what on earth *is* your Ballet Master's *real* name?

SATAN. He has too many different names to be called by any single one, unless that name be *Horror.* He is Wasting Sickness, Pestilence, Famine, Contamination, Crime, and War. That being the case, men, in speaking of him, most often use and profane the sacred name of Death. This one, my Ballet Master, is, as Milton indiscreetly printed and published, a very near and dear relative of mine, born in my salad days of Sin, another very near relative, all of us children and grandchildren, more or less incestuous, as you know, of the Primæval Chaos.

THE MUSE. Believe me, dear Lord Satan, I had no intention of raking

up such intimate family details. . . . But tell me about this Other One? This True Death, since you have called him that.

SATAN. The True Death. He has been my enemy since the beginning. Like me, he is an Archangel, but mightier. Great Natural Death, twin of Sleep and foster-brother of Love. He was born, by virgin birth, of Life herself, to be the marshal of Life's triumphal progress. He is not often seen of men, although he works ubiquitous among inanimate things, and his serene face shines through the autumn woods. And thus it comes about that my Ballet Master usurps his part and name. Yet at times poets and sages have caught glimpses of his tender eyes. And in brief lulls of evil, when light irradiated some tiniest corner of the world, favoured peoples have had brief vision of him, or heard the quiet rustle of his wings. True Death is that grave, gracious genius, brother of the sad, sweet Hermes who conducts the souls, carved by Ionian masons on the great pillar of Ephesus: naked and winged and lovely, marshalling Life's slow triumph. For he it is who makes room for newcomers in just turn, securing the world for Youth and Betterment. He also brings perfect peace to those whose wishes have been filled brimful or cruelly denied. And he leads by the hand that Love who often lurks unconscious till loss awakes it to sweet, solemn plenitude. Such is the True Death; the Natural, Beneficent, and also the Immortal. (SATAN *pauses, passing his hand across his brow.*) But with him, dear Muse of History, Satan has no truck! And now the moment nears when we must ascend from this silent nest of brooding evil to meet *my* Death, Satan's obscene, uproarious Ballet Master, whose manifold pranks convert the Earth into the real Hell which silly mortals fable here below. . . . Is there anything you would still like me to explain, good old Clio?

THE MUSE. There is, indeed, my Lord. We have talked so much philosophy—*very* instructive, no doubt, but just a *little* bit too abstract for my taste—that I have had no opportunity of so much as inquiring the title of your new Ballet, and the names of its performers. I understand it to be serious, not comic?

SATAN. The greatest tragedies, dear Clio, being founded on error, are never without an element of the grotesque. But this ludicrous side always escapes those who take part in them, for if they saw the full absurdity they would refuse to act these frightful scenes. *They* take it seriously, poor creatures!—and no wonder! But to you, dear Muse of History, and your friends, the idle Ages-to-Come, this *Ballet of the Nations* (for that's its title) will be an unending source of rhetoric, mistaken lessons, and of such voluptuous horror as thrilled the Vestal Virgins in their cushioned seats high above the arena. And I doubt whether your elevated taste (but I forgot you do condescend to anecdote) will quite appreciate the preposterousness which underlies it all. But to return! The *corps de ballet* is, of course, composed of the various Nations, as the name imports. For the necessary music I have a choice band of Human Passions, those who hide their face and are cried *fie* to by distinguished persons like yourself, and the others who go handsomely masked and stilted; some also of the simplest, purest, noblest: Idealism, Love of Adventure, Pity and Indignation; above all, Heroism. . . .

THE MUSE. And Patriotism first and foremost.

SATAN. Nay. *Patriotism* is the collective name of the whole orchestra whom I train for these performances; Human Passions, splendid or sordid, delicate or nasty, all seated, cheek by jowl, playing their instruments, without whose steady flow of sublime music and nerve-rending din the Nations could not dance their Dance of Death obedient to my great Ballet Master's baton. To keep this music up, drinks will be handed round by my well-trained lackeys of the Press and Pulpit; hot and acrid for coarse palates, or heady and full of fuddling fumes; also subtler ones such as make everyday trifles seem to the opium-dreamer vast and rainbow-wonderful: plentiful, deep draughts of words, words, and ever more

words, concocted in my special distillery by learned recluses like those white-robed monks who manufacture fiery liqueurs in remote Alpine glens. Thus, as I hope, or else by other arts, sundry among the Virtues will leave their stalls and join in with my band. And those too shocked to join will drop to sleep and dream of man's purification through suffering. . . .

(SATAN *laughs quietly;* THE MUSE *considerably louder, clapping her hands.*)

THE MUSE. One word more, my Lord. In the priceless biographical notes which your kindness has vouchsafed me, I remark that, as interviewers put their things, your favourite pastime . . .

SATAN. And chief business in life . . .

THE MUSE (*consulting a memorandum*). . . . is—have I got it down correctly?—is . . .

SATAN (*impatiently*). . . . is *Waste.* Keep that well in mind, dear Clio; it is the key to all I ever do, and therefore to my coming Ballet.

THE MUSE (*meticulously, still fingering her notes*). It was, of course, with reference to the coming performance that I inquired. *Waste.* Well, of course; waste of human life, tears, wealth, properties, liberties of all kinds; moreover, . . .

SATAN (*interrupting*). And more to my purpose even, waste of the intelligence, unselfishness, and effort which should have rid the world of manifold other evils.

THE MUSE (*going on pertinaciously*). . . . Moreover, as those fashionable cranks who call themselves Eugenists tell us, waste also of the inheritable vigour of the race; only shirkers and varicose persons, and such as make war profits or are elderly, remaining over to reproduce the Genus Homo. Is that correct, my Lord?

SATAN. As far as it goes. But such gross and obvious wastefulness is not my highest aim. Satan is no materialist, my dear Muse! And for him mere life and happiness must never be the things Man puts store by. You may have heard this doctrine preached elsewhere than here; in fact, by moralists and divines ever since the world began.

THE MUSE. I have heard it, and am happy to say I hear it still on all hands. But with the addition, saving your Lordship's presence, that this doctrine emanates . . . well, to put it plainly, from God.

SATAN. That God, dear unsuspecting Clio, was Satan in disguise. Is it possible that History has not yet made a note of some, at least, of the many *aliases* to which my business obliges me to have recourse from time to time? But to return. What were we talking about? Ah, to be sure! Self-sacrifice. Well, take my word for it: the great Creative Reality, whom men call God or Nature, has no taste for barren flowers of Virtue. It is Satan who grows them with much care and pride. I think I told you the lamentable fact that I am impotent to take delight in anything. With one exception! the odour of such sanctity as bears no fruit ravishes my disembodied senses; and, as beseems the saints in whom I nurture it, admits me back to heavenly joys. Virtue for Virtue's own sake, that is what *I* ask for. Since to the genuine connoisseur in spiritual rarities, to the full-fledged moral æsthete that I am, the beauty of self-sacrifice must never be marred by base utility. My coming Ballet will make that clear to you. You shall hear the devastating blast of Indignation's wings and Pity's unforgiving sobs. You shall be shown young Heroism's radiant face, as blind as a stone statue's. But I notice there is something more you want me to explain?

THE MUSE (*hesitating*). Your Lordship has been so generous of information that . . . in short, I fear my notes may present some obscurity or incoherence when I come to re-read them. Is it asking too great a favour to say how deeply grateful I should be if you would repeat once more your leading definition of yourself?

SATAN. With the greatest pleasure. (*Dictates.*) *I am the Waster of all sorts of Virtue. . . .*

(THE MUSE *bows effusive thanks.*)

SATAN. But, hark! Cerberus once more at his alarums! Go, dear Muse of History. Those must be your friends, the vain and bodiless, but most effective, Ages-to-Come. Please open to them.

(THE MUSE *disappears, and bolts are heard being drawn. Meanwhile,* SATAN *throws himself back wearily in his corner of the sofa, passes his hand over his eyes, and mutters meditatively to himself.*)

SATAN. The Ballet of the Nations! My new masterpiece. And, as I sometimes fear, the last of its time-honoured sort. Well, if the last, let it be the greatest!

(THE MUSE *returns, introducing the* CHORUS OF AGES-TO-COME, *classically draped and veiled in the stuff that dreams are made of.*)

CHORUS OF AGES-TO-COME. Your very obedient humble servants at your Archangelic Lordship's commands.

(*They curtsy to the ground.* SATAN *has risen to meet them and waves a gracious greeting to each member of the* CHORUS.)

SATAN. Pray do not speak like that, delightful Ages-to-Come. Why, not half an hour ago I was remarking to our illustrious friend Clio that, besides her own, there is no applause I covet so much as that of your most alluring and elusive selves. And, like her, you are much more than a mere audience, though the most appreciative. History helps me in my shows with her so-called *Lessons*, which, as you know, always inculcate the great untruth that there is nothing new under the sun; and History also makes it her business to keep old wounds from healing, and sees to Hatred flourishing like the green bay tree of Victory. Thus does the Past—or what passes muster as Past—collaborate with Satan. You, ever-disembodied Ages-to-Come, represent the no less needed assistance of a no less apocryphal Future! The Future, which is always the Future because it can never turn into Present, and which, therefore, possesses the unparalleled attraction of what can be pursued but never clutched; the same *prestige*, in fact, enjoyed in pious days by the old-fashioned Kingdom of Heaven, making Men eager to sacrifice the peace and happiness of a tangible *to-day* for the sake of the peace and happiness of an unsubstantial *to-morrow*, spun, like cobwebs, out of their own sick brains. But, enough! Come, my efficacious Chorus of Unrealities; come, great Recorder of all that does and does not happen! Let us ascend from Hell's brooding stillness to the World's theatre which awaits you, its eternal Patrons; and its Lessee and Manager, myself.

(SATAN *signs to the* AGES-TO-COME *to troop off in front, and follows, offering his arm to* THE MUSE OF HISTORY.)

END OF "SATAN'S PROLOGUE TO THE WAR."

Joseph's House

By Caradoc Evans

A WOMAN named Madlen, who lived in Penlan—the crumbling mud walls of which are in a nook of the narrow lane that rises from the valley of Bern—was concerned about the future state of her son Joseph. Men who judged themselves worthy to counsel her gave her such counsels as these: "Blower bellows for the smith," "Cobblar clox," "Booboo for crows."

Madlen flattered her counsellors, albeit none spoke that which was pleasing unto her.

"Cobblar clox, ach y fy," she cried to herself. "Wan is the lad bach. And unbecoming to his Nuncle Essec that he follows low tasks."

Moreover, people, look you at John Lewis. Study his marble gravestone in the burial ground of Capel Sion: "His name is John Newton-Lewis; Paris House, London, his address. From his big shop in Putney, home they brought him by railway." Genteel are shops for boys who are consumptive. Always dry are their coats and feet, and they have cuffs on their wrists and chains on their waistcoats. Not blight nor frost can ruin their seilings. And every minute their fingers grabble in the purses of the nobles.

So Madlen thought and having acted in accordance with her design, she took her son to the other side of Avon Bern, that is to Capel Mount Moriah, over which Essec her husband's brother lorded; and him she addressed decorously, as one does address a ruler of the capel.

"Your help I seek," she said.

"Poor is the reward of the Big Preacher's son in this part," Essec announced. "A lot of atheists they are."

"Not pleading I have not the rent am I," said Madlen. "How if I prentice Joseph to a shop draper? Has he any odds?"

"Proper that you seek," replied Essec. "Seekers we

all are. Sit you. No room there is for Joseph now I am selling Penlan."

"Like that is the mind of your head?" Madlen murmured, concealing her dread.

"Seven of pounds of rent is small. Sell at eighty I must."

"Wait for Joseph to prosper. Buy then he will. Buy for your mam you will, Joseph?"

"Sorry I cannot change my think," Essec declared.

"Hard is my lot; no male have I to ease my burden."

"A weighty responsibility my brother put on me," said Essec. "'Dying with old decline I am,' the brother mouthed. 'Fruitful is Penlan. Watch Madlen keeps her fruitful.' But I am generous. Eight shall be the rent. Are you not the wife of my flesh?"

After she had wiped away her tears, "Be kind," said Madlen, "and wisdom it to Joseph."

"The last evening in the seiet I commanded the congregation to give the Big Man's photograph a larger hire," said Essec. "A few of my proverbs I will now spout." He spat his spittle, and bundling his beard blew the residue of his nose therein; and he chanted: "Remember Essec Pugh, whose right foot is tied into a club knot. Here's the club to kick sinners as my perished brother tried to kick the Bad Satan from the inside of his female Madlen with the club of a baston. Some preachers search over the Word. Some preachers search in the Word. But search under the Word does preacher Capel Moriah. What's the light I find? A stutterer was Moses. As the middle of a butter cask were the knees of Paul. A splotch like a red cabbage leaf was on the cheek of Solomon. By the signs shall the saints be known: 'Preacher Club Foot, come forward to tell about Moriah.' Mean scamps, remember Essec Pugh, for I shall remember you the Day of Rising Up."

It came to be that on a morning in the last month of his thirteenth year Joseph was bidden to stand at the side of the cow which Madlen was milking and to give an ear to these commandments: "The serpent is in the bottom of the glass. The hand on the tavarn window is the hand of Satan. On the Sabbath eve get one penny for two ha'pennies for the plate collection. Put money in the handkerchief corner.

Say to persons you are a nephew of Respected Essec Pugh and you will have credit. Pick the white sixpence from the floor and give her to the mishtir; she will have fallen from his pocket trowsis."

Then Joseph turned, and carrying his yellow tin box he climbed into the craggy moorland path which takes you to the tramping road. By the pump of Tavarn Ffos he rested until Shim Carrier came thereby; and while Shim's horse drank of barley water, Joseph stepped into the waggon; and at the end of the passage Shim showed him the business of getting a ticket and that of going into and coming down from a railway carriage.

In that manner did Joseph go to the drapery shop of Rees Jones in Carmarthen; and at the beginning he was instructed in the keeping and the selling of such wares as reels of cotton, needles, pins, bootlaces, mending wool, buttons, and such like—all those things which together are known as haberdashery. He marked how this and that were done and in what sort to fashion his visage and frame his phrases to this or that woman. His oncoming was rapid. He could measure, cut, and wrap in a parcel twelve yards of brown or white calico quicker than anyone in the shop, and he understood by rote the folds of linen tablecloths and bedsheets; and in the town this was said of him: "Shopmen quite ordinary can sell what a customer wants; Pugh Rees Jones can sell what nobody wants."

The first year passed happily, and the second year; and in the third year Joseph was stirred to go forward.

"What use to stop here all the life?" he asked himself. "Better to go off."

He put his belongings in his box and went to Swansea.

"Very busy emporium I am in," were the words he sent to Madlen. "And the wage is twenty pounds."

Madlen rejoiced at her labour and sang: "Ten acres of land and a cowhouse with three stalls and a stall for the new calf and a pigsty and a house for my bones and a barn for my hay and straw and a loft for my hens: why should men pray for more?" She hastened to Moriah, diverting passers-by with boastful tales of Joseph, and loosened her imaginings in the presence of the Respected.

"Pounds without number he is earning," she cried. "Rich he'll be. Swells are youths shop."

"Gifts from the tip of my tongue fell on him," said Essec. "Religious were my gifts."

"Iss, indeed, the brother of the male husband."

"Now you can afford nine of pounds for the place. Rich he is and richer he will be. Pounds without number he has."

Madlen made an account of Essec's scheme for Joseph; and she said also: "Proud I'll be to shout that my son bach bought Penlan."

"Setting aside money am I," Joseph speedily answered. Again ambition aroused him. "Footling is he that is content with Zwansee. Next half-holiday 'skurshon I'll crib in Cardiff."

Joseph gained his desire, and the chronicle of his doings he sent to his mother. "Twenty-five, living-in, and spiffs on remnants are the wages," he said. "In the flannelette department I am and I have not been fined once. Lot of English I hear and we call ladies madam, that the wedded nor the unwedded are insulted. Boys harmless are the eight that sleep by me. Examine Nuncle of the price of Penlan."

"I will wag my tongue craftily and slowly," Madlen vowed as she crossed her brother-in-law's threshold.

"I shire Pembroke land is cheap," she said darkly.

"Look you for a farm there," said Essec. "Pelted with offers am I for Penlan. Ninety I shall have. Poverty makes me sell very soon."

"As he says."

"Pretty tight is Joseph not to buy her. No care has he for his mam."

"Stiffish are affairs with him, poor dab."

Madlen reported to Joseph that which Essec had said, and she added: "Awful to leave the land of your father. And auction the cows. Even the red cow that is a champion for milk. Where shall I go? The House of the Poor. Horrid that your mam must go to the House of the Poor."

Joseph sat on his bed, writing: "Taken ten pounds from the post I have which leaves three shillings. Give Nuncle the ten as earnest of my intention."

Nine years after that day on which he had gone to Carmarthen Joseph said in his heart: "London shops for experience"; and he caused a frock coat to be sewn together and he bought a silk hat and an umbrella, and at the spring

cribbing he walked into a shop in the West End of London, asking: "Can I see the engagar, pleaze?" The engager came to him, and Joseph spoke out: "I have all-round experience. Flannelettes three years in Niclass Cardiff and left on my own accord. Kept the coloured dresses in Thomas Zwansee. And served through apprentized in Reez Jones Carmarthen for three years. Refs egsellent. Good ztok-keeper and appearance."

"Start at nine o'clock Monday morning," the engager replied. "Thirty pounds a year and spiffs; to live in. You'll be in the laces."

"Fashionable this shop is," Joseph wrote to Madlen, "and I have to be smart and wear a coat like the preachers and mustn't take more than three swap lines per day or you have the sack. Two white shirts per week and the dresses of the showroom young ladies are a treat. Five pounds enclosed for Nuncle."

"Believe your mam," Madlen answered: "Don't throw gravel at the windows of the old English unless they have the fortunes."

In his zeal for his mother's welfare Joseph was heedless of himself, eating little of the poor food that was served him, clothing his body niggardly, and seldom frequenting public bath-houses; his mind spanned his purpose, choosing the fields he would join to Penlan, counting the number of cattle that would graze on the land, planning the slate-roofed house that he would set up.

"Twenty pounds more must I have," he moaned, "for the blaguard Nuncle."

He considered, wherefore every day he stole a little money from his employers and every night he told God: "Only twenty-five is the wage and spiffs don't count because of the fines. Don't you let me be found out, Big Man bach. Will you strike mam into her grave? And disgrace Respected Essec Pugh Capel Moriah?"

He did not abate his energies howsoever hard his disease was wasting and destroying him. The men who lodged in his bedroom grew angry with him. "How can we sleep with your dam coughing?" they cried. "Why don't you invest in a second-hand coffin?"

Feared that the women who traded in the shop would complain of him and he would be sent away, Joseph

increased his pilferings: where he had stolen a shilling he now stole two shillings; and when he got five pounds above the sum he needed, he said: "I will go home to heal myself of the old consumption."

Madlen hurried with the money to Essec, coming back heavy with grief.

"Hoo-hoo," she whined, "the ninety has bought only the land. Selling the houses is Essec."

"Wrong there is," said Joseph. "Probe deeply we must."

From their puzzlings Madlen said: "What will you do?"

"Go and charge the swindler in Moriah."

"Meddle not with him. Strong he is with the Lord."

"Teach him will I to take my honest wealth."

Because of his weakness Joseph did not go to Moriah: to-day he said: "I will to-morrow," and to-morrow he said: "Certain enough I'll go to-morrow."

In the early twilight of an afternoon he and Madlen sat down, gazing about and speaking scantily; and the same thought was with each of them, and this was the thought: "A tearful prayer will remove the Big Man from His judgment, but nothing will remove Essec from his will."

"Mam fach," said Joseph, "how will things be with you?"

"Sorrow not, soul nice," Madlen intreated her son. "Couple of weeks very short have I to live."

"As an hour is my period. Who will stand up for you?"

"Hish, now. Hish-hish, dear little heart."

Madlen sighed; and at the door she made a great clatter, and the sound of the clatter was less than the sound of her weeping.

"Mam! Mam!" Joseph shouted. "Don't you scream. Hap you will soften Nuncle's heart if you say to him that my funeral is close at hand."

Madlen put a mourning gown over her scarlet petticoats and a mourning bodice over her grey shawls, and she went and hid in a field; and in the heat of the sun she returned, laughing.

"Mistake, mistake," she cried. "The houses are ours. No understanding was in me. Cross was your Nuncle.

'Terrible if Joseph is bad with me,' he said. Man religious and tidy is Essec."

Joseph did not know what to do for his joy. "Well—well, there's better I am already," he said. He walked over the land and coveted the land of his neighbours. "Dwell here for ever I shall," he told Madlen. "A grand house I'll build—almost as grand as the houses of preachers."

In the fifth night he died, and in the season between her knowledge and her lamentation, Madlen lifted her voice: "Only a smallish bit of house we want."

"Between Fields"

From the Yiddish of L. Shapiro

Translated by Hannah Berman

At the horizon in the west, the sky was dark red, like a glowing iron when it is beginning to cool. The moon was starting to rise. Jupiter stood high in the heavens. Lower down, in a south-easterly direction, the "sickle" lay scattered wide, with its disturbed semicircle and its straggling tail, which was like a general rule that does not maintain itself. The "Milky Way" drew itself out across the world, like a row of low gas-lights which a capricious hand had set down without law and order. On all sides stars were twinkling.

Meanwhile, the world beneath was growing dark, or rather a dull grey. And in the great darkness one felt there was chaos. There was no definite colour, no straight line, nor a single clear point. One imagined one saw a field, or just an ordinary plain. But, a little further on, little hillocks raised themselves up into shadows—and perhaps there was nothing. For one second something definite did show itself sufficiently here. A fiery point gave a sparkle. And one heard something that sounded like footsteps. Soon the little fire disappeared. It spurted out a little further on in the darkness, and was again swallowed up. Then, the darkness which was on the place where the light had first shown itself grew thicker. Something screamed and rang out at the same time. Suddenly, a figure stood out distinctly, and immediately, with a slight noise, disappeared, as if into the earth. And suddenly, from behind the red horizon a yellow half-circle floated outwards.

. . . . . .

An invisible hand pulled at the semi-transparent cover, and in an instant had drawn it off the field. It fluttered and folded itself into long creases and folds. Ghosts seemed to be flying after it, over the plain. They vanished in the east. In the middle of the field, as from the air, came a

gnarled old oak-tree. It seemed to be lowering itself into the earth. It spread out its branches and, with great astonishment, looked at the light-grey circle that lifted itself from the earth over there, and spread itself far over the sky. Behind the oak a big, long and wildly-fantastic shadow drew itself out.

Long rows of corn-stalks stood out against the moon—they stood drowsing and dreaming; and, now and again, they nodded their heads in sleep. Often a movement passed over them, and a murmuring was heard, as if someone was being hushed to quiet, to allow others to sleep. Meanwhile, the moon rose higher. Her beams grew paler, and in the end covered the whole earth.

From the north, from somewhere at the end of the world, between the sleeping fields, there straggled forth a whitish, mist-covered road. It went past the oak, and a quarter of a mile off, near the watch-house, it wound round to the west and disappeared from view. The ground lifted a little at that point, and was thick with the last trees of the forest that showed in the distance—a darkening blur. Two cold straight lines glittered in the moonlight and ran over the whole length of the road. But, in one place, near the oak, the line that lay to the west suddenly broke off. A few paces forward, not less unexpectedly, the line again showed itself and ran further. To one side lay a piece of railway-line. It lay quietly and coldly as if it were in its right place.

Several minutes were born in the silence, and without sound, without colour, and without incident—died. The past did not grow bigger. The future was not lessened. Time poured itself from infinity to infinity.

. . . . . .

A low sound vibrated in the air and was lost. I imagined a mosquito had flown by and had thrust its buzzing into the stillness. A few seconds later, the sound again arose from somewhere else. A faint tremor passed over the metal rails, over the whole telegraph pole, and again past the oak-tree. At the end of the broken line it ceased suddenly, and disappeared as if into the ground.

The pole trembled more and more frequently. The sound rang out more and more distinctly. It always ran along the one pole, and broke off against the other. Several

corn-stalks shook their little heads uneasily. A twig of the oak-tree bent down and again staightened itself out. A little wind moved over the field. In that moment the road trembled. Deep through the earth, under the road, there went a deafening rumble.

A second rumble : a third. Measured and sure grew the rumbling. Stronger and swifter flew the vibration through the whole pole, and cut itself away more sharply at the broken pole. Far away, in the dark forest, there flew by a powerful animal, awakening with its cries the echoes in the trees, and causing the air to vibrate.

Nearer ! . . . From behind the watch-house something shone out. There was a short sharp whistle, full of strength and vitality. A burning eye flew out from behind the little house, and turned round. A second eye followed close behind the first. About the bending road, gracefully and coquettishly, a row of carriages wound round. Soon, they straightened themselves out. The fiery eyes grew larger and burned with a hellish light. The whole train shook, flung itself about, snorted and boiled, and flew along, joyful in its self-assurance, towards the tree, followed by rings and circles of smoke and steam, as a wild horse is followed by its long mane and tail.

The field awoke from its sleep. Corn-stalks shook. Whole rows swung to and fro, and changed colour in the light of the moon that was now pale as death. The old, murky oak stretched out its arms to the road, lifted them on high, and again let them fall helplessly. The air babbled and trembled.

Convulsive movements were now passing over the broken rail. From the end hoarse cries were wrung, like smothered, hesitant groans through compressed lips. They tore themselves forth, and at once sank into the earth—dumb. I imagined that the iron would burst of the strain—that the locked, accursed lips must let a cry pass them. And the cry came from the end of the broken rail. It tore itself out by force, and could almost be felt as well as heard. And again the earth swallowed the cry, and smothered it to death.

The powerful steel breast of the locomotive crept up quite close to me.

The loosened rail lay on one side, and glittered innocently in the light of the moon.

Divorce and Decency

By Demos

Colonel Wedgwood's divorce has at least done one public service—for the first time the public, despite the frantic efforts of his political opponents, knows the incredible indecency of the machinery whereby marriage is dissolved and the humiliating moral code which renders such conditions possible and necessary. About the question of divorce opinion will differ, and no doubt continue to differ to the end of time. Divorce is a comparatively small matter where no family is concerned; it is and must be a serious problem when man and wife agree to separate, leaving a child or children dissociated from one or other of the parents, for it is not a problem that can be settled there and for ever in the Law Courts; it touches the roots of the social system. Generally it may be regarded as an evil, however much an evil indissoluble from human nature.

But if it is an evil—and it is—the evil really begins with marriage. It is the lightheartedness with which people enter into marriage that is the foundation of the evil, and this again is largely due to the social code, which has become largely anachronistic in modern conditions, which, based on the old Catholic idea of virginity in women, has done so little to educate the young to appreciate the meaning and difficulties of marriage and the biological nature of a compact which primarily concerns the offspring or the foundation of the family. That is both a religious and social problem and that problem remains. The immediate question is the mechanism of divorce, which to-day has become more and more a social necessity where lives are ruined by a tie that is no longer recognisable and is not in the spirit or the letter kept. Here the reformer can be practical. The mechanism, as it exists in law to-day, is nothing less than a scandal.

Formerly divorce carried with it social ostracism, but this ecclesiastical form of persecution is out of date, and the

war has changed that irrevocably. About two hundred couples are severed daily in the Courts, automatically, stupidly, by a machinery which inquires into nothing except its technicalities, paradoxically supplied by the numerous agencies which have sprung up in recent years as the abettor and moral sanction of the Law. Let us look into this mechanism and test its value.

The modern key has been found in the dodge called an application for the restitution of conjugal rights. As a rule, the man agrees to bear the blame and leaves the woman to apply. Failure to comply with the order secures the desired end: the couples are free with a modicum of stigma, and what scandal there is remains private. That is the approved way. The law follows its mechanism, and divorce is as easy as *a b c*.

It is when separation is not mutually connived at that the trouble begins, leading to the indecent subterfuges to-day commonly indulged in, which have now reached the dimensions of a national scandal. To take the case of a man who wants divorce but cannot get it, his only remedy is adultery. He may not like to implicate the other woman he loves and eventually hopes to marry, in which case his only chance is substitute adultery. This is arranged with the agencies. He goes to a hotel with a woman—any woman will do for the Law—and gets taken *in flagrante delicto*, or, as agencies operate discreetly nowadays, he leaves his name in a hotel book and informs the other party. And that suffices. The Law knows only technicality. Mr. So-and-So has passed the night in a room with a woman: it is good enough. The decree is passed. The Law and the Church are satisfied. Adultery being the only legal way, adultery there must be.

But there may not have been adultery. Often there is not. The writer knows two divorced men who have assured him that in their cases there was no adultery. In the one case the man paid a fiver to an unknown woman to pass the night in a hotel and never spoke to her; in the other, he got a girl-friend to "play the dummy." This surely is not a condition conducive to morality. It is on the face of it absurd. It reduces both Law and Church to a farce.

The conditions are more complicated in the event of the woman wanting divorce, for she cannot obtain it if the man

refuses, and always the stigma falls upon her. Take the case of a couple who both desire divorce, but the man, for social or professional reasons, declines to bear responsibility: the woman has to arrange to be caught or do the thing openly by running away. The open way reflects upon her for life; the clandestine way gives the opportunity to the agency.

This is how it works. The husband goes to an agency to have his wife watched, and she arranges a trap. As the two are in collusion, they do not want undue publicity, and so they avoid *flagrante delicto*. The question then is the evidence. Sometimes this leads to ludicrous situations. The time is miscalculated, or the private detective fails to "spot" the victims. The following is a true account of such a case.

A certain pair had arranged the necessary situation, but early in the morning the guilty pair were rung up by the collusive husband. "You must get up at once," he telephoned; "there has been a mistake in the hour, and the detective, who wants a *flagrante delicto*, will be with you at 7 a.m. The 'blighter' wants to bring me round to confront you. For Heaven's sake, send my wife away and see the man alone."

This warning from the husband saved the public scandal. The detective arrived shortly after 7 a.m., but the woman had fled. The co-respondent, of course, admitted adultery and pretended great vexation, and had signed his name downstairs. The detective departed extremely self-satisfied. Thus the husband saved his wife from the indignities of public exposure. And all this at a fearful expense. It costs about £80 to get divorce, an easy one, but usually about £200. It is thus a class law, a class prerogative based on actual or simulated adultery.

If a man's wife goes mad, he cannot get release. If the husband is an incurable drunkard or suffers from an incurable disease, the Law is adamant. If man and woman cannot live together, no redress is possible. A man may ruin a woman, yet she cannot get a divorce. He may ill-treat her, turn her house into a "bar," degrade and ignore her, she remains tied, unless she or he commits the one solving sin, which either can bring evidence about good enough in law without having committed the sin at all.

Such is the position. Far more than half the divorces of to-day are connived at—a thing which the Law does not admit but is forced to wink at because the Law functions on technicality, and as long as the technicality is in order the Law—is the law, and there the matter ends.

But to-day it can hardly be left there. Thousands of marriages will be broken as the result of ill-considered and hasty war unions and the laxity of morals inseparable from war conditions. Are all these divorces to teach us nothing about the anachronistic indecency of our existing divorce laws? Has the Church nothing to say? Has the Law nothing to suggest? If so, marriage will degenerate into a mere union of opportunism and more and more use will be made of the stupid machinery of the Courts whereby alone freedom can be gained.

What is then the position? It is this. Divorce can be obtained with the maximum discreet facility for £80 provided one or other of the parties consents to commit or simulate adultery; but mark, not because of the Law, for obviously the Law is evaded in the majority of cases provided the technicalities are correct, but to conform to the supposed requirements of the Church, which in all other respects folds its hands in pious assent. The most awful unhappiness cannot break marriage, but a night of simulated prostitution can, to the complete satisfaction of the Law, the Church, and society. Thus we have the paradox of divorce, or rather the mechanism of divorce, actually promoting prostitution—in short, legalising it at a time when the enlightened opinion of Europe is at last awakening to the terrible scourge of venereal disease, which to-day is commonly recognised as a social problem which society cannot hope to solve until the shame and secrecy associated with that disease are removed into the scientific atmosphere of national health. Divorce to-day means clandestine adultery; the prostitute being the abettor of the law. Can anything be more stupid or socially more degrading? Can we hope to combat prostitution, if prostitution is the direct accessory of legal divorce? For that is the truth of the matter. The old-world ban of the Church in modern conditions encourages prostitution, and instead of stopping divorce thus makes it easy and practical.

There is only one solution, the drastic reform of our

Divorce Laws, which must be modernised or brought into harmony with the democratic spirit of the age. Adultery as the sole reason for divorce has outlived its utility as a religious or social deterrent and, as has been shown, is positively connived at in law. In the case of women, who are always the chief sufferers, the law is cruel, vindictive, and self-condemned, for in the case of every other woman who is divorced resort is had to prostitution. But this is woman's era. All who have witnessed the terrible effects of a law which tears away the children from the mother; which makes it legally possible for a father to prevent his children from seeing their mother; which gives the man the *rights* over the young children, thereby placing them as often as not under a step-mother; which can take a child of seven and wrench it from its mother for no other reason than that the parents could not agree, did not love one another, or fell in love elsewhere—all who know the devastating results of such a law are to-day agreed that the time for revision has come, that a drunken husband is a far worse social crime than adultery, that the question of the right care and education of the children is of infinitely more consequence to the State than the wooden enforcement of a code which, to legalise divorce, encourages prostitution?

The dissolution of marriage can no longer be admitted to be the prerogative of a Church which sanctions such conditions, and statistics prove that by far the greater number of broken marriages were consecrated in the Church, not in the registry office. Divorce to-day is a class right, for the poor cannot afford the luxury, and its mechanism fosters the evil of private detective agencies and contributes directly towards prostitution. Attitude is the all-important solvent. Our whole attitude towards the problem of divorce needs the purifying atmosphere of common sense.

Lawyers in the Melting Pot

By James J. Dodd

RECONSTRUCTION "red in tooth and claw" has at last shaken its skinny finger at the Law, the oldest and most conservative institution in the kingdom, not excepting even the Monarchy, for the Law is older than the Monarchy, and when the Monarchy was broken by the Commonwealth, the Courts still continued their sittings. But of late there have been grumblings.

The Law Society has been discussing whether or not it would be to the advantage of the public to do away with the artificial barrier between counsel and solicitor, and a vote was taken that resulted in favour of a policy of fusion. It is true that the vote was taken in the London meeting of 150 and was not unanimous, whereas the membership of the Law Society in London and the provinces is over 8,500, and it is possible that by the time this article appears in print a poll* of the profession will reverse this decision, for the matter is one that does not affect provincial solicitors in the same degree as it does the London members. The provincial solicitor, except in the big cities, rarely has cases in which counsel is needed. Occasionally he gets an assize trial, but his work lies mainly in his office or in the County Court, where solicitors already have audience. Whenever he has a case of any consequence it drifts up to London, where it is carried to trial by his London agent, consequently it is not at all likely that the country solicitor will want to be thrown into competition with the briefless barrister who at present cannot make headway on his practice at the Bar, and would therefore be only too happy to invade the other branch of the profession, trusting to his prestige as a member of an Inn of Court to bring him work for which he is hungrily longing. The London members who are so eager for fusion

* The poll resulted in 1820 votes being cast in favour of fusion, and 3531 against it.

point out with unanswerable logic that in America and Canada and Australia there is only one class of practitioner, who does the whole of the work including the advocacy, and they instance firms in which advocacy and advising are the branch of one of the partners, whilst the other partner is concerned with what may be called the donkey work of getting cases ready for trial. Nobody can doubt that fusion has its advantages, but it would be very disturbing to graft it on to our English system, nor do I think it desirable. The English people have created a great College of Law. The decisions of English judges are quoted all over the world with authority and respect, and it is to the Inns of Court that we owe this unique efficiency and distinction. The wig is something more than an adornment; it is a symbol, and we cannot afford to cast it on to the dust-heap in order to please revolutionary solicitors. The Bar is a great institution. It furnishes this country with statesmen and administrators, for the simple reason that a barrister is trained to look fairly at both sides of a case instead of being obsessed with a single point of view. The best that can be said for the present dual system is that you get a fresh mind brought to bear on the case, particularly when you brief a leader who has taken no part in the preparation of the pleadings.

Yet it is vitally important that something should be done in order to re-establish public confidence in the law, and I am of opinion that the true reform is the one I pointed out to the Law Society when I moved, as an amendment, that it is in the public interest that solicitors should have audience in all courts co-equal with barristers. The Inns of Court would remain as they are, and the judges would still be selected from men specially prepared for the work. There would be nothing of the melting pot about it, but merely a common-sense evolution, such as law reformers have long been working for. Solicitors have already proved themselves competent advocates in many of the inferior courts, such as the County Courts and Petty Sessional Courts, and they are accorded audience in bankruptcy, in the Sheriff's Court, in Ecclesiastical Courts, and at Courts-Martial. They can even appear in the Strand Law Courts on bankruptcy, commercial, Chancery, Probate and Divorce summonses; they can conduct trials before a

Master of the Court, and whenever any matter comes before the Appeal Committee of the Lords, the Highest Court in the Realm, the solicitor alone is allowed audience. I have known my opponent attend with counsel, but the Lords have refused to listen to counsel, and have insisted upon the solicitor taking up the argument. If the solicitor can be lucid enough for the Lords he ought to be good enough for an undefended divorce cause, or even to get up in court and ask for a judgment by consent. In the High Court the solicitor is not only deprived of audience, but is almost regarded as "intensely invisible." I shall never forget an occasion when a case of mine was called, and counsel failed to turn up. It was not permissible for me to take the case myself; it was not permissible for me to rise and explain to the judge what was the matter. All I was entitled to do was to go on tiptoe and whisper to the associate that counsel was then on his way—a venial fiction for which a limb of the law cannot be seriously blamed, for I had no idea what had become of him. The associate whispered to the judge, and, there being no other cause on the list for the day, the judge considerately retired to his room in order to give counsel a chance. I ran full speed (few have any conception what this means) to counsel's chambers, and found he had not arrived. What was to be done? I knew the case by heart—had lived with it, so to speak, for months. I knew all the correspondence, and what the witnesses could say; I had already practised as an advocate in the inferior courts for thirty years, consequently I was not without experience. Nevertheless, the case was in danger of being struck out. The judge again retired, I went out into the corridor, and laid hold of a barrister, imploring him to come to my aid. In five minutes I gave him an outline of the case, and he went into court and addressed the jury for half an hour. And very well he did it. He failed to win, but how was it possible for anyone to expect him to win? The gentleman I had briefed turned up when the case was nearly through. He explained to the judge that he had not expected it to be called so soon, and the judge bowed and accepted his apology. The ignorant layman will ask whether I had no remedy against the barrister. The ignorant layman is not accus-

tomed to pay for services that have never been rendered, in fact he has a fixed commercial code that anyone who breaks a contract—even a contract of service—ought to be made to pay damages for the breach. Unfortunately neither my client nor I had any remedy. I, too, was a loser, for my client happened to be a poor old woman who had met with an accident and was absolutely without means. Not only did I lose my costs, but also the court fees I had paid in order to bring her action to trial. If it had been I who had failed to turn up she could have sued me for damages, and nobody, not even a judge or the counsel against me, would have accorded me any sympathy. The ignorant layman will say sarcastically that perhaps the defaulting counsel returned the fee he had failed to earn. As a matter of decency he did, but he was not bound to do so by any code of honour known to the Bar; in fact, it is one of the rules of the Bar that counsel receiving a fee is not necessarily compelled to earn it. Sir W. S. Gilbert refers to this rule very feelingly in the Lord Chancellor's song of "Iolanthe":—

"Ere I go into Court I will read my brief through,
Said I to myself, said I,
And I'll never take work I'm unable to do,
Said I to myself, said I;
My learned profession I'll never disgrace
By taking a fee with a grin on my face
When I've never been there to attend to the case,
Said I to myself, said I."

It is bad enough when you have to pay fees to your own counsel who fails to attend, but it is doubly annoying to have to pay similar fees for your opponent's counsel. I was once taxing an opponent's bill of costs in an appeal, and found that my client was expected to pay a fee for a leader as well as a junior. The junior alone had appeared at the hearing, consequently I protested. On further inquiry it transpired that the K.C. had had the brief in his chambers for several weeks, but it was his custom to go on circuit at the proper periods of the year, and the circuit fixture clashed with the hearing of the appeal, consequently he was not ill, or detained elsewhere: he simply went to the assizes to earn additional fees. Naturally I was annoyed, and I took in "objections," but the Taxing Master ruled that he was bound by invariable custom. I

decided then to appeal to Mr. Justice Horridge in chambers. The learned judge, with a smile on his face that might almost have been mistaken for a grin, said he was unable to interfere, and ordered my client to pay the other side's costs of my application. I nearly appealed the case into open court, but my client by then had had an experience of the law sufficient to last him a lifetime, and preferred to "endure the ills that were than fly to others that he knew not of."

It is difficult to understand why solicitors should be refused audience not only in the High Court, but in trumpery little courts like the Mayor's Court and Quarter Sessions. London solicitors do an enormous amount of what is called chamber work, appearing before judges and masters in the interlocutory stages of actions, and in this way they receive a wonderful training in the concentration of arguments upon the points of difference. The hearing is over quickly because it is part of the system that it should take the form more of a conversation than of a trial, consequently one gets to grips without long preliminaries. In appeals before the judge in chambers and in the County Court in Workmen's Compensation cases, it often becomes necessary for the solicitor to fight with counsel against him, yet he can quote statutes and cases with the same facility as counsel, and is able always to hold his own. If solicitors were accorded audience co-equal with barristers, trials would be over very much quicker, because of this special training in concentration. Counsel are notoriously long-winded, and when they are backed by wealthy clients the temptation to spin out the case is insatiable. In the County Court there is no time for this kind of nonsense. The issues are just as difficult and complicated, the only difference being one of amount: the claim must not exceed £100. County Court judges will not tolerate long speeches, and if ever cross-examination runs wide of the issues they quickly get it back to the proper track; consequently the County Court case is over and done with on the day for which it was appointed, whereas the High Court case may drag along for days, impeding everything else to follow, and causing intolerable uncertainty and delay.

There is no statutory authority for the exclusion of solicitors from audience in the superior courts—it has arisen out of what is known as the "Common Law," which is assumed to reside in the breasts of the judges, and is to be found recorded in text-books and reported decisions of the Courts. Up to the time of the Stuarts there was no such exclusion. Apparently the privileged position of barristers originated in the year 1621, when the Bar Council of that day passed a resolution that nobody could be called to the Bar unless he had first passed through the Inns of Court. From that time onwards only barristers were allowed to approach the barrier between the Bench and the general public in order to plead the causes of litigants unable or unwilling to plead in person. There is a case on record where a solicitor was accorded permission by the judge to cross-examine witnesses in the absence of counsel, but the precedent is one I have never known followed. In old days counsel was supposed to be a kind of *amicus curiæ*, an Esquire of the Realm pleading without reward; but a period arrived when the barrister condescended to accept presents of money, and antiquarians tell us that the funny little appendage at the back of the barrister's gown is a survival of the time when barristers used to loaf about the columns of St. Paul's Cathedral, and in Doctors' Commons close by, with a pocket at the back of the gown into which the guineas were furtively dropped. Up to this day the barrister remains supremely unconscious that he makes his livelihood by fees. One approaches the subject with his clerk. If he be a junior clerk with little experience he will say, "I will ask Mr. Briefless if he can do it for that," but the senior clerk is a high and mighty individual: "We can't take it for that, you know; you must mark such-and-such a fee." After which the senior clerk makes it his business to ascertain how much is marked on the brief of the opposing counsel, and then he demands that the fee be raised to the same level. One of the irritating difficulties in connection with fees is when a "star" performer is introduced into the cast at the last moment. It is a rule of the Bar that the fee of the junior must be two-thirds of that paid to the leader. Consequently if the Attorney-General is brought in at 1,000 guineas, his junior, who had

previously accepted ten (and been thankful to get it), demands an immediate rise in the correct proportion. Swollen fees such as these are rarely allowed on taxation, consequently the client is compelled to pay them out of his own pocket.

When a K.C. becomes inundated with work he goes "special"—nothing less than 50 guineas. If he is asked to go to an assize town where he is not a member of the circuit he must be paid a special fee of at least 100 guineas, and it then becomes necessary to brief a member of the circuit to keep him company, otherwise the rules of his "Trade Union" would prevent him from taking the case at all. I was lately faced with the same problem at Quarter Sessions. It is a rule of the sessions that if four barristers are present the solicitor cannot address the court but must brief counsel. My client insisted on retaining the services of a barrister who was not a member of the sessions, consequently I was compelled to make a further copy of all the documents, and brief one of the gentlemen ordinarily in attendance. The clerk insisted on having the fee in advance, and the least one could expect in a case such as this was to have the gentleman's assistance at the hearing; nevertheless he failed to put in an appearance, and it was afterwards explained to me by the clerk that the fee was regarded as merely complimentary. I replied that I could hardly ask my client to pay compliments to a barrister he had never before seen or heard of, and counsel very handsomely returned the fee, but I am by no means sure what the Bar Council would have said to him had the circumstance become known.

The extortions of counsel are frightening litigants away from the Courts. Many of them would infinitely prefer to have their causes taken by the solicitor they know, and in whom they have confidence. However quick and clever a barrister may be, he is almost certain in the course of a case to miss or slur a point that the solicitor wants emphasised, and barristers of the "star" class are not always a good investment for the client. Few of them are worth their price, and those that are insist on settling cases in order that they may be in half-a-dozen places at once—popping out of court at the end of a speech and popping up somewhere else. The compromise mania is seen in its

worst form at assizes. Leaders in big practice are naturally longing to get back to London, consequently they use all their persuasions to induce a settlement out of court. I once had an assize trial in which a client of mine was charged with slander. What she had said was rightly said, and perfectly justified, and I heartened her up to borrow enough money to enable me to brief a leader, promising her that she was certain to win, and would get her money back at the finish. Counsel was in a hurry to get away, consequently he insisted that she must give an apology —each side to pay its own costs. I protested, whereupon he went to the woman and bullied her into consenting. I explained to her that this meant losing her money, and after further consideration she decided to fight. Accordingly I told counsel not to settle, but he replied: "Oh, dear, no; I have taken my instructions from my client, and have no intention of departing from them." He went straight into court and told his opponent he had come to settle. Luckily for my client and myself his opponent changed his mind: the trial proceeded, we won easily, and I recovered about £70 in costs. Solicitors very rarely fight unless they are compelled. In nine cases out of ten they settle, but, when it comes to fighting, their clients want it to be a fight to the finish, even if it means losing everything.

These anecdotes of mine must not be regarded as frequent experiences. On the contrary they are isolated incidents occurring in a long period of practice. My relations with counsel have always been cordial, and I owe too much to their advice and assistance to say anything malicious about them. It is for this reason that I wish to reform them. It would materially improve the status of counsel if solicitors could have audience co-equal with them, for only the best of counsel would then attempt to practice, and the Bar would become a body of experts instead of the dilettante conglomeration it is to-day. Barristers who fail to get briefs are driven into journalism and many other by-paths for a livelihood: some of them drift into Parliament, but the Bar would be better without them, and we should have an end to the sorry spectacle at sessions and assizes when barristers are ravenous for "soup" briefs, or even dock briefs at a guinea a time, rather than go back

to town with a wasted journey. After all, the work of a barrister is not particularly difficult—anyone can pick it up with a little practice. People talk of counsel's brilliant cross-examination as though counsel had invented it all out of his own head, whereas the whole of it is to be found in his brief, and the only credit he is entitled to is credit for reading his brief. Although he may only have got his brief the night before he finds everything predigested for him—a concise statement of facts, correspondence neatly typed and paged, proofs of the witnesses all in readiness for his questions. All he needs to do is to skim rapidly through the bundle, and trust to luck (or to the solicitor instructing him) to clear up anything that seems obscure. Barristers are so trained that they have an almost instantaneous grip of the problems presented. Nevertheless, there are many solicitors drudging in Police and County Courts for guinea fees who would command an enormous practice if they were allowed audience in the superior courts, but they cannot afford to throw up a certainty in order to go to the Bar. No reform in the law is possible so long as the Bar retains its privileges. The proper place for the barrister is his chambers. By the time the case gets into court both sides have a fair idea of what the other side can say, consequently it is in the preparatory stages that counsel is mainly needed. This is evidenced by the fact that the consultation, for which a fee is marked on the brief, is generally a mere form, and often never happens.

Of course there are cases in which trained advocacy is helpful, and we shall always have barristers specialising in advocacy, just as you have specialists and consultants in medicine. This, in effect, is all that the fusionists are asking for, except that they contemplate attaching the specialist to their own offices instead of preserving a large body of intellectuals to select from. At present we solicitors are able to pick our man for the class of case in which we need him. Some are good in argument and strong enough to "stand up" to the judges, some are useless at cross-examination, but precise and clear-headed in chambers. For a weak case we look out for a blustering bully; for a strong case a man suave in manner, and alert to break down a specious argument. We go to one man for

criminal work, to another for Company Law, to another for Patent Law, and so on. The Chancery barrister knows next to nothing about the Common Law side, and if you go to a Common Law man with a Chancery case, he will tell you to take it to somebody better qualified than himself. Under the fusion system the client may have every confidence in his solicitor, but none in the advocate partner. This thing already happens where the solicitor has a barrister son, or brother or brother-in-law. I have in mind an excellent solicitor who sends all his work to his brother, but the brother is a duffer. Then as to fees, there is hardly likely to be any improvement. The fashionable firm will command fashionable fees. It is not to be expected that they would be content with a fixed scale as in the County Court, although this would naturally be greatly to the advantage of the litigants. Firms possessing a super-advocate would find themselves literally overwhelmed with work, and they would be driven to charge super-fees in order to keep their practice within reasonable limits. Imagine a firm with Sir Edward Carson or Sir John Simon as one of its partners. Another of the difficulties of fusion is the rule that a solicitor on the record may not brief another solicitor to argue a case for him unless there has been a formal change of solicitor. Obviously the client would be anxious for the assistance of a successful pleader, but this would not be permissible, consequently the client would take his case to the office where the pleader is available.

Looked at from all points of view fusion would be a bad thing for the Bar and worse for the solicitor; consequently when it was proposed at the meeting of the Law Society to lay violent hands on an ancient and honourable profession in order to drag it down to the pettifogging level on which we solicitors work, I, for one, recorded my vote against it. Law reform is in any case a very much wider subject than the relations between counsel and solicitors and their clients. In course of time the lawyers will become civil servants, examining witnesses as coroners examine them, and bending all their energies to the prompt settlement of disputes, rather than fostering them for the sake of fees and costs. There will then be no need for advocacy at all, and the fusionists will have achieved their purpose, but not in the manner they contemplate.

What is Capitalism?

By Major C. H. Douglas

When two opposing forces of sufficient magnitude push transversely at either end of a plank—or a problem—it revolves: there is Revolution. When the forces are exhausted the revolution subsides, and the plank or problem remains in much the same position in space which it occupied before the forces acted on it. It is possible to conceive its molecules as being somewhat worn and giddy as a result of their rapid re-orientation, but their environment is otherwise unchanged. If, however, the forces act through the centre of resistance, actual motion results; the object is shifted bodily by the greater force, without revolution.

In the first portion of this metaphor is to be found the explanation of the devastating inconclusiveness which dogs the steps of the constant and increasingly embittered controversy between the forces of what is called Capitalism and its antagonist Labour, and for a recent instance of the phenomenon it is not necessary to go further than the Coal Commission. During the earlier part of the inquiry, up to March 20, it was made abundantly plain that an intolerable state of affairs existed in the coal industry. Mr. Smillie's attack was so well delivered, the evidence marshalled was so damning, that had the case been closed at that point the position of the miners, and with them Labour generally, would have been inconceivably strengthened. But, unfortunately in the general interest, the case was not closed there. The ground was immediately shifted to a discussion of the merits of private, as opposed to nationalised, administration.

Now, I suppose it is a thankless task to say it, but the second question has about the same relation to the subject matter of the attack as has the strategy of a General to the pay of his troops. In consequence the issue now before the public is not whether the economic contract between the miners as members of the community, on the one hand, and

the mining industry controlled by the colliery proprietors as producers for the community, on the other, is a bad and inequitable contract, but whether, under what is in essence the same contract, the miners' scheme of organisation is a better scheme than the employers'. Personally, I very much doubt it.

This is a matter which affects the general public quite as much as the miners themselves. It is fairly obvious that, recognising that Labour is determined to attack Capitalism, and having themselves no delusions about the real issue, the admirable brains behind the Capitalist organisation have decided, while providing just so much opposition as is necessary to register a protest, to allow an experiment on lines already discredited to be made at the expense of the consumer, in order that its stultification, which can be insured, will strengthen Capitalism elsewhere. Brer Rabbit, being in some danger, is betraying a special and exaggerated fear of the briar bush.

This is, of course, all very adroit: it shifts the opposing forces to the opposite ends of the plank. The question for the molecules—the general public—however, is whether they care about the resultant revolution. If not, then their concern is to bring the opposing forces into line—to see that Labour is attacking what Capitalism is really concerned to defend.

The general public is more likely to do this if it can be brought to realise that it is really as members of the community, not as artisans, that the attack is operating.

The whole tendency of Trade Unionist, just as much as Capitalistic, propaganda is to obscure this fact, and by so doing split the offensive, but the most superficial consideration of the root idea of the existing economic system will establish it.

Capitalism is not a system of administration at all; it is a system of fixing prices in relation to effort. This is not to say, of course, that the *personnel* and methods of administration would not be profoundly affected and improved by a valid and radical modification of the capitalistic system, but such changes would be effects and not causes.

The root problem of civilisation—not the only problem, but that which has to be disposed of before any other—is the problem of the provision of bed, board, and clothes, and

this affects the ordinary man in terms of effort. If he has to work hard and long hours to obtain a precarious existence, then for him civilisation fails. As the miner demonstrably had to work longer for a lower standard of life, measured in terms of purchasing power, than existed in the fourteenth century in England, then for him progress was not operative. But the reason he has to do these things is not at all that the coal mines are badly worked, although it is quite possible that they might be better worked, just as it is possible and excusable that the miners' own efficiency is not so high as it might be under better conditions. The plain, simple English of the reason is that his wages will not buy him the things he wants. His own common-sense has consequently consistently been applied to the problem of raising his wages, but has for the most part stopped for want of technical knowledge at the recognition of the effect of this on prices.

In the December, 1918, number of the ENGLISH REVIEW it was pointed out in a short article entitled "The Delusion of Super-Production" that the sum of the wages, salaries, and dividends distributed in respect of the world's production was diminishingly able to buy that production *at the prices which the capitalist is by his system forced to charge.* "Profiteering," in the sense of charging exorbitant sums in excess of cost, is a mere excrescence on the system. If the producer could be imagined as making no profit at all, the difficulty would still exist, quite possibly in an exaggerated form. That is why the policy of more and yet more production at prices fixed on a basis of cost and profit is a mere aggravation of the prevailing difficulty. Because the available purchasing power would absorb a decreasing proportion of this production it must be either exported or wasted, and both of these lead straight to war, the supreme waster.

Now, habits of thought are so powerful in their influence that at first sight a statement that the correct *price* of an article may be a low percentage of its *cost* is apt to induce both disbelief and ridicule. But if the matter be attacked from the other end, if it be realised that an article cannot be sold, nor can its exchange through export be sold, unless its average price is considerably less than cost; that if it cannot be sold the effort expended in making it is wasted; that if it

is exported competitively every economic force is driving the community irresistibly towards war; it may then be agreed that it is worth while to consider whether the accepted principles of price making are so sacred that a world must be brought to ashes rather than that they should be analysed and revised.

The analysis has been made; and although the methods by which the results are arrived at are too technical for description in an article of this character, it may be said that the purchasing power of effort at this time should be certainly not less than five times its present return, and most probably very much more. In other words, with wages at their present level the cost of living ought to be one-fifth or less of what it is. The essential facts on which this statement is based are that production is overwhelmingly dependent on tool power and process; that tool power and process are a cultural inheritance belonging not to individuals but to the community, being largely the result of work done by persons now dead; and that in consequence the *equitable* return for effort includes a dividend on this inheritance which is immeasurably larger than the direct payment. Just as the time-rate of production has diverged from that possible to a community without tools, processes, or education, so to a corresponding degree has the present economic system become inequitable and unsound.

It is a matter of simple fact that men do not in the mass act together for ethical conceptions. That is why a strike can always be settled for the time on a money basis; and the only demand which will not be so disposed of is one which promises more purchasing power by its success than its opponents can in the nature of things dispose of, because such a demand will utterly divide them. But any demand which savours of the perpetuation and extension of a bureaucracy which is already highly unpopular will alienate not only the general public but the organised worker.

Down the Rapids

By Raymond Radclyffe

PEACE has been signed. The processions have passed. The country must now settle down to work. We are told by many people that there is an immense future in front of Great Britain; that she can throw her energies into the development of the German colonies; that she has a vast field in the Pacific, where she has acquired many German islands; that she can now go ahead in Brazil, the Argentine, and Chile, and laugh at German competition, which in the past has been her bogey. The optimist points out how readily we have financed a huge war and how we attained victory by our energy in manufacture, our courage in battle, and our pertinacity at sea. Manufacturers declare that they have never been so full of orders as they are to-day. The writers in the daily Press assure us that Germany is denuded of stocks of rubber, cotton, copper, and wool. A large portion of Northern France and some of Belgium must be rebuilt, and this calls for cement, iron, steel, and machinery, all of which we must supply. The world cries out for goods which it could not obtain whilst the war was on. Canada, New Zealand, the Cape, and Australia, India, China, and South America have been starved of supplies for four years, and must buy largely in order to replenish their stocks, which are on a war level. Great Britain has created eight thousand millions of credit, which must be used in financing the vast trade which Peace will bring us.

Thus talks the optimist, who is usually a man who has made large profits out of the war and cannot conceive a state of things in which these profits will die down.

I have just returned from an extended trip round the world. I saw a good deal of China, something of the Cape, Canada, the United States, and Japan. I must admit

that I did not find any of these countries crying out for goods. China will buy a few millions of soft goods and a few millions of hardware. She will give orders for iron, steel, and electrical plant. But she must be lent the money to pay for such goods, and at the moment the Treasury will not permit the export of capital. The Cape has been buying largely from Japan, and though she may not continue to deal with that country now that England is prepared to supply her, she does at the moment hold large stocks and cannot be called a big potential buyer. Canada will want to make any goods she needs in her own factories, which, like our own, have been much enlarged during the war. Also, Canada is financially very weak and looks to-day towards the United States and Great Britain for money. The United States and Japan have largely increased their trade with our Australasian colonies during the war, and it will be some time before our manufacturers regain their hold. India seems hopeful and Egypt also. We may do a fair trade in Syria and Mesopotamia. Persia is also a chance. I am assured that South America needs finance, and that business here will call for large supplies of capital, which the United States may supply. Therefore I do not agree with the optimists.

War is destruction. The recovery from war is always a painful and a slow process. Why should the struggle just ended be different from any preceding convulsion of humanity? I do not think that we shall find the whole world crying out for goods. I believe that the demand will be smaller and that the competition of the United States and Japan will be bitter. In the States the manufacturer takes business seriously, and though he pays high wages he speeds up his workmen, and by increased production delivers his goods as cheaply as does Japan, where labour is ill paid and not very efficient. There is not much to choose between the two nations as far as competition with Britain is concerned. Both will fight us hard, and both begin the industrial war with ample funds and a determination to keep the markets they acquired whilst war raged in Europe.

What is our position to-day? We have a debt of eight thousand millions, upon which we must pay four hundred millions of interest. Therefore, taxation will be stupen-

dous. It makes no difference whether we pay 10*s.* in the £ income tax and have free trade or whether we reduce the income tax to pre-war level and put on a protective duty. The cost of the debt and the expense of running the country must be paid by the consumer of goods. A big income tax means that the manufacturer adds the tax to the price of his goods; a high tariff means high food prices. Expense of living must be met by high wages, and with high wages the British manufacturer cannot at present compete with either the United States or Japan. Also, he must face German competition sooner or later—and the German means to cut down his debt by the simple process of taking the capital from the rich. Germany will probably reduce her cost of living by declaring herself a free trade nation, and reduce her national debt by cancelling the bonds held by the rich.

What is our policy? At the moment we do not appear to have formulated any, or, if we have, it is locked up in a box. The ridiculous Excess Profits Duty remains at 40 per cent. and thus adds a huge sum to the cost of living, and thus to wages and cost of production. The E.P.D. is cumulative. Everybody adds 40 per cent. to everything, and thus the cost of all goods is stupendous. *A* makes an article for 1*s.*, E.P.D. adds 6*d.*, he sells to a retailer for 2*s.*, and the E.P.D. forces the retailer to sell to the customer for 3*s.* 6*d.* Thus the consumer pays 1*s.* 6*d.* in E.P.D. A more insane tax was never invented. The more hands the goods pass through the higher the cost to the consumer, and not by fair profits in each hand, but in taxation foolishly laid on to each individual trader.

The idea that the tax would curb war profits and punish the profiteer has been shown to be a fallacy. The Chancellor admits it. Yet he continues the tax! The *Economist* publishes each quarter a table of industrial profits for the past quarter, and these tables are compiled from the reports analysed each week in the paper. They only deal with a very small proportion of the companies trading in Great Britain. There are 66,456 companies in Skinners' Year Book, with an aggregate capital of £2,730,594,008, and the *Economist* only handled 1,382 companies in 1918, the share capital of which, exclusive of debentures, was £565,772,885. These enterprises, however, earned, after

deducting depreciation, no less than 14 per cent. on the capital. When the E.P.D. was established, those who advocated the tax claimed that large sums would be secured. They have been, but the companies in the tables of the *Economist* made 10.9 per cent. in 1914, the first year of the war, 10.2 per cent. the second year and before the tax was laid on, 13.2 per cent. in 1916, 13.3 per cent. in 1917, and 14 per cent. in 1918. What does the Chancellor think of these figures? They show a huge increase in profits and as our export trade has been much smaller the consumer and the taxpayer have paid the increase. Result: high prices and high wages, discontent and unbridled profiteering. The profits of the companies analysed in the *Economist* tables were £69,684,531 in 1914, the first year of war, and they rose to £97,612,093 in 1918, the last year of war. I may mention that in 1911 the profits were only £58,215,658.

Now my friend the optimist will cry out upon me and say, "How splendid! What a grand weapon with which to meet competition! Profits have nearly doubled in seven years, and reserves must have quite doubled." Exactly. The companies have most of them added to their reserves very largely. It would tire you to give tables of figures showing how much has been added to reserves and how much written off for depreciation in the past seven years, but my readers may take it from me that neither have been neglected. Then says the optimist, "Why grumble?"

But the general public does not realise that actually the companies have left off the war weaker than when they entered it, and this in spite of the huge profits they have made. This sounds ridiculous. Steamship owners have piled up fortunes, munition makers are now millionaires. Every one is rich. But it is "fairy gold." The wealth is all paper. I have spent some time in searching the records. I do not pretend that I have been able to attain an accurate result, because many companies hide up their figures and many do not publish reports. Also, I may have missed the records of many that do publish. But be sure of one thing—my figures are under, not over, the mark. And what do I find? One hundred and fifty companies have watered their capital by £63,641,230 in the war period. I know that there are dozens whom I have not yet found. Think what this means. The extra profits made out of

the war have gone, not to strengthen the companies, but to weaken them. Reserves have been used, not to hold up a company in days of stress, but to water the capital. Thus a concern with a capital of a million, which before the war could pay 10 per cent. and had a fine reserve, has to-day a capital of two millions and no reserve, and can only pay 5 per cent. The Cunard a few weeks ago doubled its capital and halved its dividend. The reserve only stands at £100,000 on a balance-sheet total of £18,986,876. The Cunard is so important a company that the Government has an interest in it. It has done good service in the war and has always depreciated its vessels in a careful manner. I do not mention the Cunard to disparage it. On the contrary, I point it out as an example of how even the best managed have fallen victims to the wild optimism engendered by huge profits and the gross extravagance of the Government and the nation.

The creation of eight thousand millions of credit has caused the purchasing power of the pound sterling to fall to about 10*s*. That is to say, values have risen. The directors of companies have not realised the fictitious value created by the huge flow of credit, and have actually written up their assets instead of writing them down. That is why I used the phrase "fairy gold." The values created to-day are not real values, and only people rendered temporarily insane through the stress of war can think them so. But directors of companies have accepted present valuations as permanent, and have therefore written up their capitals, using the euphemism "to bring the capital more in accordance with real values."

When the world gets back to its normal condition all these values must be written down. We can't go on for ever paying huge taxes and spending money like water. Even the politicians realise this. But industrial Britain instead of preparing for the rainy day and writing down its stocks, has actually in most cases *written them up*. What will happen to such companies when the battle for business with the United States, Japan, and Germany sets in? Their reserves are depleted, and in place of big sums in the bank and a small capital they face the battle with an overdraft, a watered capital, and small reserves.

Elementary Economics

By Austin Harrison.

When Mr. Chamberlain decided to borrow instead of facing the economic situation, his motive was the political device of gaining time. Super-production was still the idea justifying a Budget of Loan, and clearly the politicians reckoned that the economics would adjust themselves provided election pledges were plausibly redeemed and time was won till the great Transport scheme of control could restart the machine—of intensive production financing on the new (Mandatory) regions which were to take the place of the old European markets.

El Dorado was to be automatic. The genii controlling transport were to electrify Britain; we were to super-produce the Empire into world-ownership. Unfortunately, while thinking only of the mechanism, the politicians forgot Man; further, they failed to take into consideration the cause of high prices and the relation of prices to wages. In a word, their economics were politics, with the result that the economics of the aftermath of war are also politics.

What then is the economic position? A brief analysis of the situation reveals a condition of instability which must now be faced.

First, we have the debt, call it £7,000,000,000, the significance of which figure lies in the fact that we have passed beyond the gold standard, which means that finance to-day actually has no standard or basis of security, *i.e.*, that credit is book-keeping on the security or confidence of future production. Production is thus rightly recognised as the source of confidence: that is to say, the definition of *wealth* is *labour*. It is very important that this truth should be accepted, because loose thinkers are apt to define wealth as *credit*: which is obviously nonsense, if only for the reason that credit, in the absence of a gold standard, has no security at all except where based on the means of production and the possession of raw materials, which again means *labour* —coal, for instance, being valueless without the work of the miners; and this is, of course, the true explanation of the breakdown of President Wilson's League of Nations into a

League of "grab," or capitalistic appropriation of such regions as Palestine and Mesopotamia, etc., where the potentiality of raw materials is high. In Mr. Garvin's book, *The Economic Foundations of Peace*, this economic side is explained as the quintessence of the League, and it has been similarly so stated by writers in America. It is this "receivership" idea of the League of Nations that has so aroused Republican antagonism.

The definition of wealth then is labour. One can go further and say that the definition of labour is thus the mother, or, carry it yet closer: wealth springs from the womb; wealth is therefore life.

Now this is so, and if only politicians would think impersonally, they would see that, as wealth is derived from labour, the key to the world's difficulties is consequently *life*. Recovery then turns upon life or labour, upon which credit finally rests. The world's economic problem is thus Man, upon whose goodwill or function the economic mechanism of capitalism depends for that confidence which is the security of credit.

Now if the day after the armistice, Man (he is capitalised here in his quality of spirit) had abdicated and the workers, accepting the view that *they*, as the source of wealth, as the prop of the capitalist system, having no human right or individual interest not integral of that system, had gone back to work determined to *work harder and longer* on the wage standards existing prior to the war—then, but then only, the super-production of the politicians might have had substance, and by this time at least we should have had something to sell. But the politicians ignored Man, except as propaganda for heroics, and so once more we are brought up before the definition of wealth, or the human element: life.

The economic problem can now be stated. It is this. Man, or labour, having won through unexampled sacrifice and effort of war to a clearer concept and a higher will, has thus displaced his conditions, thereby disturbing the mechanism of control and production, and to a point imperilling the foundations of credit, which depend upon confidence or the harmonious relation between Man and his mechanism. The impulse to this dislocation was started during the war by the Government, which, afraid to face

the necessities of the situation, itself broke the subtle laws governing prices in an *orgy of inflated wages paid on credit*, which condition, so long as war lasted, gave that apparent prosperity to the country, which has been one of the wonders of Armageddon. But to-day the bill has to be met. The inflated prices and wage account of war industry to-day remains as a debt upon the country, but, unlike his mechanism, Man moves onwards, and so we have reached a point when Man is at loggerheads with his system.

The starting point of the orgy was, of course, prices, and, once started, the thing became a ramp controlled by the profiteer. As finance, quitting the gold standard, became a matter of book-keeping, so prices and wages became a game in numbers. The one chased the other, prices always leading. In this orgy of *non-productive production*, the Government was the leading offender. Fabulous sums were made by cornering, by speculating, by Government contracts. Any man who sold anything made money. And always prices kept ahead, that being the profiteer's business, so that in the mass the workers, when war ceased, were little better off than before the war, and to-day are hardly any better off; for if the wage orgy stopped with the armistice, *prices continued to rise*, and still are rising—will, as a fact, *continue to rise* the more we refrain from returning to the natural law of economics, that is, competition;* and the more the producers realise that in existing conditions of high prices and instability production has reached a point of non-utility—production being useless without a market.

The economic position of this country is therefore grave, because Britain is *not a rich country*. Our great wealth has in the past been derived from our sea-power position as the result of Trafalgar: that is, our hitherto virtual monopoly of shipping which, linked up with our *monopoly* of Free Trade, gave us the security of vast foreign investments, enabling us to export coal in exchange for food, and with cotton and wool and iron and steel to become the great industrial force of Europe. This position has largely been reversed by war. Our foreign investments have become a

* The competitive system in conditions of modern finance is becoming a misnomer, the system being increasingly combinatory or controlled, supported by international Banking [credit] amalgamations, which are to-day the real force behind Governments, who are thus in a position to name or fix prices for political motives.

debt, our shipping supremacy is threatened, our coal production has seriously diminished, but the necessity of food imports remains, complicated by the fact that our production, which must shortly be faced with competition, has no longer a sound equation owing to the new standard of wages, the low output, and the political unrest due to Government policy. Nor can we finance on our colonies; to-day we owe them money. In a word, controlled production is the key to recovery.

Much the same situation exists in all the Entente countries. In Italy the crisis is positive; in France it is, potentially at least, favourable, for France is self-supporting and with her annexations has acquired a great source of wealth in the iron ore of Alsace-Lorraine, the labour for which she can *import*, and so much is France's new competitive wealth reacting on our iron and steel industry that we find British firms, who require "pig," moving to France, even if naturalisation papers have to be taken out, a curious commentary on patriotism).

To meet the difficulty, we have indulged in a policy of embargoes, the chief object of which, apart from the bias towards protection of the Government, was to keep out foreign goods or competition, so as to enable our industries to refit and equip again for the production of life, a policy which, however good in intention, was a miscalculation, the net result of the embargo being a continual rise in prices, thus accentuating the demand for yet higher wages and so leading nowhere.

This fact has been brought home to us by the Government's declaration that coal is to cost 6*s.* per ton more, but that is only a part of the story. Not only is coal subsidised; our railways and agriculture are *subsidised*. If coal is to cost more, it is because the country will not have to pay the subsidy. It is the consumer's awakening and the Government's dilemma. Were the Government logical, they would withdraw the subsidies on agriculture and the railways, when the public, which has little or no notion of the true state of things, would find that the loaf would cost 1*s.* 3*d.* or more, and that all railway fares and freights would be doubled. Now the loaf at 1*s.* 3*d.* is a revolutionary point, yet that is the position. It is merely obscured by virtue of the £45,000,000 subsidy a year paid out of credit,

just as our bill for the railway deficiency this year is officially placed at £60,000,000 (this being the latest figure in a series of false estimates). It would be far better for these subsidies to be removed so that the public might understand the position; but politicians are opportunists, and so coal only is used as a political weapon to hammer Smillie while the loaf is left alone, the farmers having just bought their land (*on mortgage*), and the politicians fearing to throw them—to the consumers. But with Smillie it is different, especially as the Government has got itself into a mess over its own project of statification with a Bill involving—if it means anything—nationalisation, which seems to be opposed by Sir Eric himself, and is certainly fiercely opposed by the capitalist interests, which see a limit put to profit in a controlling bureaucracy threatening the potentiality of private ownership. But that part of the question is politics. To return to the economics of the problem.

The embargo policy has thus caused prices to rise higher and consequently wages, and it has failed—as to-day all admit—to bring about the contemplated super-production. On the contrary, even sub-normal production cannot be reached owing to the effects of a policy which has intensified the very disabilities it was intended to remove. In short, we have cooked the golden goose.

If we remove the embargoes, competition will begin, and, though prices will fall, a bad blow will be struck at our own industries still in the stress of transition and seriously handicapped by high wages, high "raw" and low output, this latter due partly to the psychology of war, and partly to widespread discontent of a politico-economic character.

That is the economic problem as the result of war carried to the extreme point of destruction. The problem is thus Labour and Capital. More accurately stated, it is the problem of man and his mechanism.

Yet it is not primarily *economic*: it is a *human problem*. If we take the miner, we can visualise this at once. Here we have conditions of life which the Commission has conclusively shown to be deplorable—wretched cottages, no baths, bad sanitary arrangements, etc., and the miners leading a life of hourly danger and toil underground. Now coal is perhaps our stay, our shipping ballast, our main export. Its importance to-day lies in the fact that it is the

check on the maintenance of our exchange, and the production is diminishing, so much so that it is computed our loss will be 70,000,000 tons for this year. The economics of the position are clear. If coal is the national adjustor, the maximum production of coal is a national concern: so much will be granted. Why do we not have this maximum production? The answer is that the human equation is not right.* Output is diminishing partly because the workers are not satisfied; they demand an adjustment of mechanism, and this dissatisfaction of the miners is reacting on the coal-owners, who are consequently slacking in their business of organisation, new machinery, and distribution. War, neglect, other technical reasons retard output. Now, this is not economics: it is a human problem, a point of social principle, and clearly it can only be solved humanly. We have had the Sankey report. Why do we not act upon it? Again the answer is human or politics. The vested interests refuse adjustment, and so once more the effects fall upon the consumer.

Now what is the result of this position of high wages, high "raw," and low output? It is extremely critical, because capital, in the absence of confidence, is taking the line of least resistance, that is to say, capital is emigrating; the economic centre of gravity is moving out of the country, and notably it is moving to India, where cotton-spinning and the steel trade are growing into serious rivals. Capital knows no morality. Thus we find firms moving eastwards—so the tin-plate industry, steel and cotton—and, as previously shown, to France, capital gravitating towards the seat of the *raw materials, where labour is cheap*. Already some £100,000,000 are on the way to start these industries in France, in India, etc., and if this movement continues the effects here must be disastrous. Our high population has hitherto lived on these industries, if they are withdrawn great unemployment must ensue, emigration must follow, the whole economic life of the country will be affected. But this tendency of capital to follow raw materials is unmistakable, and instability can only encourage it. It needs no effort of imagination to see that if this dislocation of industry

* The human side was put by Mr. Smillie as "the workers working for private profit," and that will be the European problem of industrialism, especially as to-day finance controls nearly all markets, and so the prices of wealth or labour, thus leading to a still sharper class discrepancy.

assumed large dimensions, these islands would sink to a population of some 35,000,000, and we should dwindle down to the position of all empires which shed their life into colonies.

Such is the problem of Britain, faced with a population a full 30 per cent. of which it cannot feed, grown rich eccentrically through the providential monopoly of sea-power and free-trade, thus enabling us to support a highly intensified export industry *not justified by the country's natural resources*. For we too have to import the raw materials of our industries, the basis of which is coal. Labour is thus to Britain of primary importance. Now we have a staggering debt to bear, and we have avoided a levy on war profits*; we have become a great militarist power. We have incurred huge military responsibilities all over Europe, thus enormously increasing our expenses. We have saddled ourselves with another 800,000 square miles of territory, we shall have to finance the European "sanitary cordons," and prices are rising and must continue to rise so long as we maintain a policy of embargoes and, having materially lost our shipping supremacy, we have still to import about 40 per cent. of our food. In these conditions to imagine that the "big stick" or the dearly-beloved "strong man" can kibble the labour problem is to think like Tirpitz with his submarines, and if our masters take that plunge they will involve this country in strife, and we shall throw Europe into confusion.

The problem is to find an equation for production. That could be done, given sincerity, given the willingness to admit the necessity of adjustment, by a commission of bankers, workers, thinkers, and politicians pledged not to score points at one another's expense, but to work out a scheme of rectification of mechanism on the lines suggested by so clear-headed a thinker as Mr. Vanderlip, who clearly sees that industrialism has reached a crisis. Man being a gregarious animal, he is rational, he responds invariably to sincerity. The essential thing, therefore, is a right diagnosis. What are we going to do? To pit the consumers against the miners by taking off the coal subsidy, while keeping it on the loaf and railways, is merely to aggravate the position,

* Private war profits were estimated in the *Economic Journal* a year ago to be £5,000,000,000.

and is obviously politics, for the Government are responsible for the inflation of prices. Now politics or strife and trickery will not bring a solution to the world's problem to-day, which is as here stated. One of the main causes of discontent is the breakdown of Parliament due to a fraudulent election which placed in uncontrolled and uncontrollable power a class interest. Our approach to the problem is thus functionally wrong because non-representative. Sanction is lacking. Policy is no longer vested in Parliament: it is dictated by a self-constituted camarilla. Government is in form autocratic. It rules by order. Outside, its repercussion is disorder, nor will the situation improve until the country has at least the chance of getting a new Parliament.

Historically viewed, it may be that the white man is moving out of the mechanism of industrialism, that as time goes on the workers of the machine will be black men, but in that case populations will have to be adjusted to the feedable capacity of their respective countries and we would certainly have to resort to wholesale emigration. But that time is not yet. The immediate problem is Man and his mechanism; whether, that is, the capitalist system, as we have known it, can much longer continue without adjustment; whether, in the event of no such adjustment, an equation can be reached capable of inducing co-operative harmony, without which there can be no stability and consequently no increased production. And this may be the *idea* left to Europe by the war. In any case it is our problem, and unless both sides can agree to meet one another fairly with a view to finding an adjustment as distinct from a conclusion through politics, the outlook is dark in the extreme.

Political stability is thus the precondition of confidence or credit. Now that is precisely where we are failing *at home and abroad*. Our equation is wrong. Economics consequently become politics, politics have become economics; there is no political approach, hence no economic association.*

The "box-of-tricks" method will only prove an irritant, and if Government, aligning itself purely with class interest, refuses Man or Spirit in the belief that patriotism means

* Were the low wages before the war our industrial differential? Do we know?

capital and the remedy is still more government, whereas the need of Britain is of democratisation, cheap and higher education, fuller opportunity, the socialisation or co-operative vigorisation of effort, instability will increase and production still further diminish until a point of explosion is reached. The duty of Government is in this crisis clearly trusteeship. But to return to sound economics we must first return to clean politics. When M. Clemenceau received the General Confederation of Labour the other day he said: "In 1789 an unworthy nobility was wrecked. To-day the middle-classes have shown themselves incapable of rising to the level demanded by the occasion. The time has come for you to follow in order of succession." Remarkable words, which apply here with insistent force. The problem is adjustment—of mechanism on the one side, of attitude on the other. The approach is *sincerity*, which is impossible in the existing conditions of political and economic polarity. It is the price of war carried to the point of universal destruction.

Why have we not got this hempen, simple thing, sincerity, once an old English virtue, we who after the fiercest fight in our history have emerged supreme? That is what *politicians ought to ask themselves.* It is very well worth their while. Why is Labour restive, sullen? Why is so great and growing a part of the intelligence of the country antagonised by the peace? Why is this dear island at the zenith of its fame in a disintegrate and irresponsive mood? Because Governments have shown themselves at Paris to be pigmy men, vindictive and blind, and at home to have no principle or policy.* Because our leaders have failed in the character which the hour demands, because they seem to work only with and for one interest—an interest which, in the judgment of all thinking men, is actually on its trial. Because trickery rules to-day, with the result of dry-rot; class, not the community; because the politicians, with their opportunism and insensate tetrarchianism, are turning from

* The direct result of the Treaty on the enemy is to compel the German Government to blockade their people in order to keep down imports. And yet there are sane men still thinking Germany can pay—without "raw" or credit, or food, or wealth, i.e., labour. Mr. Hoover has stated that some 8,000,000 Germans must emigrate. The need of all Europe is *credit,* but this can only be brought about by political stability and co-operation. Thus the Poles need our wool, but how are they to buy?

the truth of our civilisation in a desperate gamble of reactionary imperialism. Because the "fruits" are seen to be capitalistic, and nowhere is there enlightenment. Thus instead of peace and goodwill we have discord.

Our difficulty is really human, cultural, and Britain should lead in the solution instead of sulking in her tents. We cannot go back to the slums and "easy all" of 1914. Why then not try sincerity? The need is of a Government of character, truly representative of the people, as apart from one pledged to a class interest. Only so shall we find a solution. And this will be the test of capital and of Government in our passage towards the New Order.

Peace

By Austin Harrison

It is peace—with twenty-one European points of war and as many more as the imagination cares to portray—and as we emerge from the struggle we are conscious of a new youth and what should be an unbounded national pride. Once more hope releases the springs of life. The business is again creation. We are free—to think, to be, to love. The children beckon, and we can play with them. The long mad thing is over. We are: the new meaning of civilisation centred in the responsibility we most certainly took up with clean hands and dauntless spirit in 1914 to secure the three principles of our heritage—justice, law, and opportunity. And that to-day is our charge. Its fulfilment is our destiny.

To us, the results of the great upheaval are manifest in the fusion or reconsolidation of race, celebrated first in the solidarity of Empire and secondly in the balance of the New World. This oneness of idea and ideal represents unquestionably our moral victory and dates a new epoch. It is our trust. Blood has returned to blood, and this is perhaps the lasting achievement of the war. We are going westwards. Henceforth we and America are one civilisation, and from this unification of interest the reason of Empire merges into the new idea of the Commonwealth. If we fuse to break, it is to break into constituent parts,

into units, of a wider, a still more compact whole, in which the idea will be the governing integration as the forms and formations diverge and even in separate identities apparently disintegrate. For that assuredly will be the compass of future Empire—idea, not governance; civilisation, not interest; habit of thought, perspective, rather than classification. And this outline of view and meaning will be the nucleus and foundation of the League of Nations as it is called into being, not by force or parchment decree, but by the assimilative process of humanity working upwards from and through the Peoples, reaching to truer values and eventually winning to nobler aspirations. That or war. War, which, as the object of mankind, will develop into the scientific object of life destined, it must be, to convulse and destroy the old civilisations. We do not know. Yet already we can pulse the issue. It is, simply stated, this. Either we move to a co-operative order or we prepare for the next struggle of the competitive order. That is, we have to make up our minds to fight for war or to fight for peace, and in this decision and work of progress the meaning of Britain and America will be decisive.

The indices are hopeful because the conditions are compelling. After the Napoleonic wars Europe resumed its customary life virtually unimpaired. Systems remained intact; there was food in abundance, only boundaries changed hands, only dynasts profited. The Peoples, for the major part illiterate, thought simply in thrones and doctrines; the war left them with their daily bread and their daily associations. What issued was the idea of liberty. It grew and broke across Europe, once more to leave Europe with the dynastic idea of war, which now again has been overthrown. The question of Europe to-day is thus the problem as it faced the dynasts of the Holy Alliance in 1818. Is there to be merely a transvaluation of power? Are the dynasts the victors? Can they be? To put it humanly, have the seven million killed died as the due offertories of a system which man must fain accept as unalterable? Or has their sacrifice a cultural significance? There is but one answer. It will depend upon the Peoples of Britain and America—upon our joint example. And that is the responsibility of our victory. We move in our

singleness towards universality, or we part to resume our polarities. The League of Nations can, therefore, only arise out of our joint sincerity and unity of purpose, or it will die of falsity and inanition.

But peace, like war, is movement, and so we are confronted with an immediate, vital, and determining adjustment, which will be at once our proof and our providence: Ireland. Literally impossible that this astigmatism of vision and right feeling should continue to provide puny war-cries and squibs of jaundiced rhetoric for the politicians, and that, whether the fear be "No Popery" or Popery, to confound and constrict essentially British politics. The dead cannot have died in order that Sir E.Carson, playing on the good nature and uninquiring solicitude of Protestant Britain, should merely resume his sinister provincialism masquerading under the litany of a church. That wretched misuse must soon be bashed down and cast upon the dung-heap of oblivion. Must, because out of the war our civilisation has passed beyond the confines of territorial patriotism, grown into a Commonwealth of law, in which office and function Ireland is an integral and indispensable unit; without which, in very truth, we fail. Fail in our own attestation and so in example. Fail nationally, thus internationally. Fail as assessor of the League of Nations, the life-spring of which must be on the European side—Ireland, as in the West and East its pivot must be—Japan.

View it by that standard—example, as our corporate justification towards the world, which is the dizzy imminence of our position as we close the great fight for our specific British idea. Here in our midst we topple. Not only governance fails, but idea. We cannot form a jury. We strangle thus in our birth of Commonwealth. Our right is a bastard. Cosmically, our rhythm halts, our line sags. The truth that we should convey to others, that we would seem destined to induce, starts, like an evil spirit, in its incubation, and we have no stature. We cannot begin. We dare not even claim sincerity. Now that means that we have no statesmanship, no message, no mission. For Ireland is the cross-bones on our escutcheon. At Paris there was no balance because of it, and with Ireland Japan failed, and

because they both failed the Covenant is a skeleton built on the spelicans of good intentions. Can we go back to border politics and presume to sit in judgment upon the world? The laughter of mankind will be the response. It is our test of victory. We conquer finally only if we conquer ourselves first. If, that is, our example can irradiate truthfully. It cannot illuminate any beacon of hope so long as one of our own islands is governed by Tanks. *It cannot because of America.*

This is the lesson of the war. Responsibility has become cosmic. Yet, if so, the service of responsibility must also be cosmic, and in this test Ireland is our confessional. The continuity of our purpose will depend upon this adjustment, for here Britain and America meet. Meet or part. We solve and conclude our war pact with the New World in Ireland; we will find no alignment without Ireland. The League of Nations can be little more than a round-table conference without this solution; nor will there be any identity of cause in our common progress without it. And this is the key to the world's problem as the legacy of war. More. Ireland is the key of revolution. The credit system of Europe hangs literally on a just solution of Ireland, because alone America can uphold that system, and in the event of our failure America will drift away from our purpose, will refuse that community which to-day is clearly our common destiny. Ireland has thus become a world interest because our British interest is to-day the fulcrum of the world's dispensations, and, if we fail, the world will fail and the war will have been fought in vain. The local battle of the Boyne can no longer decide the fate of Europe. Battles never decide, as Bismarck well knew, but the Kaiser never understood. Ireland then will prove the moral issue of Armageddon. If we effect a right settlement we shall have won the greatest victory in history. If we fail, we shall find the fruits are empty sacks.

Our business in peace, therefore, is direction. Despite the work of Paris, our mission is not eastwards in Europe: it lies westwards—across the lean body of Ireland and thence culturally across the seas. There is no other way to peace. The epoch of Empires is nearing an end, widening into the mechanism of opportunity. In this work we and

America are one. The equation is Ireland. We must decide. It is not politics as generally understood. It is simply the quality of our truth, and if, through want of character or lack of vision, our politicians reject the opportunity, the nexus of our cause will disappear and the peace, so-called, will be merely a fresh preparation for war. But the heart of America then would forsake us. The world would fall back upon the vanity of arms and what is styled civilisation would eventually go down, destroyed by want of vision. Thus peace finds us at the grand climacteric of our reason, and on our decision the world will cast judgment. Ireland is our supreme question. Through Ireland we convince the world, or we disintegrate.

To us and to the world all else is of relative unimportance. By Ireland we shall attest, by Ireland we shall gain solidarity. All political stability, national and international, will turn upon that one issue, and all the new territorial demarcations of the map of Europe. As before said, in Paris our politicians have (side)stepped eastwards; they have reconstituted Europe as a military design pivoted on France, who alone is not strong enough to uphold the redistribution of power, thus referring final responsibility upon Britain. In this new balance of power the determining instance is America. If we are unstable—and we shall be with the sore of Ireland dissipating our resolve—Europe will be unstable, and the map-making of Paris will become an inducement for war rather than a plantation of peace, as the veriest simpleton can see in the crop of secret treaties resulting from Paris, such as the Austro-Italian adjustment of the Tyrol aimed ostentatiously at the new artificial creation of Jugo-Slavdom on the crown of Italy. Already, too, the Japanese possession of Shantung has thrown the East into ferment. The man who imagines that Russia will permanently consent to the wholesale dislocations practised upon her by the politicians at Paris must indeed be ingenuous, and when we consider that the Italians are apparently to have the Baku regions and that the Poles are itching to seize Lithuania, while large portions of the Ukraine, or little Russia, are being parcelled up as spoils and fruits, the notion that Paris has provided conditions of peace can only be entertained by those who do not want to

know or those who do not care to. Paris has reorganised Europe on a military basis for, and under, the supremacy of —France. Now France *without us* cannot be supreme, cannot aspire to hold such a position even for a decade. Yet such is the position, the *military position.* Thus peace must depend entirely upon us, upon our reason of association, that is, through the final control—America.

This control passes through Ireland : who holds the key to the situation. Deflect America, and the work of Paris falls absolutely on us, on our national willingness to *remain a militarist power* for the sake of the "glorious revenge," to quote the correct words of the President of the French Senate. Reduced to naked truth, that is what Paris has done. We stand committed to a military grouping, to a grouping which, as we know, has already re-shaped itself in defiance of the Peace, which ignores the Russias, which ignores the democratic conscience of the organised workers : finally, which, if it ignores Ireland, must crumble at the first test of a recovered Europe clandestinely re-grouped and re-organised. The military position of Europe is the exact counterpart of Europe after Tilsit, only infinitely more complex. Our work of peace will thus either be occupied with adjustments through the creation of a real League of Nations, or it will be another period of preparation for war. In the East this latter is unmistakably already the issue. The controlling chain is riveted on Ireland. There we make or mar : that is, we alienate America or we connect. Nothing else really matters.

There can be no League without this concatenation of English-speaking harmony, and there will be no peace in Europe in its absence. Ireland is the outpost of the Commonwealth. To build without her is to construct on falsity. It cannot be. All the bayonets of the great Alliance will splinter against the substance of a policy which continues to refuse Ireland her rights and so Britain her sanction, and nothing that any politicians can contrive will alter this condition. Ireland then remains the balance of peace or war. With her we can salute, even salve the world. Without her we sever the painter of our civilisation and relight the flares of war.

Books

ESSAYS AND GENERAL LITERATURE.

THE AVON AND SHAKESPEARE'S COUNTRY. By A. G. BRADLEY. Methuen. 8*s.* 6*d.* net.

THE coming of holiday-time renders seasonable some notice of this very charming wander-book. Mr. Bradley's itinerary starts at Tewkesbury, rambles pleasantly by the apple orchards and half-timbered villages of this most English heart of England, and finishes at Stratford and Warwick. After which, seemingly for no special reason save happy personal association, he throws in an historical chapter about Rugby School, whose connection with Avon is of the slightest—though, as a fact, that historic stream does pass, in its rather unkempt youth, within a few yards of what was once Mogby Junction. The form of Mr. Bradley's book is for the suit-case rather than the knapsack; but those who elect him as guide will find his pages excellent company, at once practical, sympathetic, and not too zealous for educational information. Mr. A. R. Quinton has furnished thirty coloured illustrations, which, though not entirely free from a suggestion of the picture postcard, convey an admirable and most tempting indication of the beauty of a district, than which there could surely be none more suitable for the holiday of peace.

A. E.

FICTION.

JINNY, THE CARRIER. By ISRAEL ZANGWILL. Heinemann. 7*s.* net.

MR. ZANGWILL'S first novel certainly carries out its author's prefatory threat—it is "bland," and, reading it, one has the impression that the writer has deliberately sought the repose of the library as a shelter from the storm and welter of the war. His scene is Essex, long years ago, and in that *milieu* his characters and "peculiar" people flit to and fro vested with that wit which is Mr. Zangwill's gift. Jinny is a magnificent portrait, and round her the interest is concentrated, while rich opportunity is found for eccentric types and pen-pictures of much charm and brilliance. It proves even to be exciting, after a rich opening of psychology and description, and if some of the types are irritatingly obstinate and foolish the *ensemble* is curiously balanced, and the reader will find himself led on to quite a pitch of fervour for these strange folk of Essex wrestling with the fear of God and the bedevilments of man. Some fine descriptive passages reveal Mr. Zangwill as a keen lover of Nature. Altogether a book of relief, a thing of beauty.

PINK ROSES. By GILBERT CANNAN. Fisher Unwin. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.

MR. GILBERT CANNAN seems to have grown up, for this novel will surely be popular, touching a mellow note not found in his previous works. Even the title is pretty. In fact, this story about another

"pretty lady" is entirely pleasing, and one reads on curious to see what happens for no very apparent reason except that "Pink Roses" appeals to the sense of taste and to human sympathy. It is as if Mr. Cannan had made up his mind to let go for a big sale, or it may be this is his mature manner. Anyway, he reveals a conscious power over his matter that somehow was lacking before. His judgment is less disturbed. There is a poise which fascinates, as of a man who has been to the top of the hill and can afford to chat pleasantly about the view. At times the old method asserts itself, perhaps as a contrast. On the whole, this easy, mature style suits the author's æstheticism, and we hope he will continue his message so arrayed. One is tempted to think he ought to write good comedy, for his folk are "to the life." Mr. Cannan shows how a man can write about a prostitute with the acme of dignity and decorum.

A London Lot. By Neil Lyons. John Lane. 6*s*. net.

Mr. Neil Lyons has compiled a war book out of human nature which is not only intensely amusing, but pathetically absorbing. His hero is a coster—young "Bill," as it were—and his adventures are thrilling, not only in the hands of the girl he loves, but from those of the 'orspital, where fancy is high-born. The portrait of this lady is convulsing. To say that the author has the knack is to utter a commonplace. His works are genuine studies in character just saved from satire by sympathy, which is clearly the secret of his success. And he knows his folk. All these people live abundantly, separately, and corporately in the picture, which is never Pickwickian. And that is the charm of Mr. Lyons' craft. We are never extended in our measure of credence, never perplexed. The street rises up before us, and we can almost hear the cries. The fun is drawn from the personages, not super-imposed; situations arise in natural sequence. This is native-born stuff, the touch of the streets. Here we can glimpse at the nature of the "boys" who won the war, and, what is more, understand how they did it. For over all and through all shines the English humour and that character which has survived all tests. In fine, we have in this book our national genius interpreted by an artist.

WAR

1914. By Field-Marshal Viscount French of Ypres. Constable and Co., Ltd. 21*s*. net.

It is not our purpose to enter into the political controversy which this by no means sensational work has aroused. That the book has been written as a self-justification is obvious; that, moreover, its tendency is political is equally apparent, and, really, on that point there is not much more to say, except that precisely where Viscount French is political he is not convincing, not even logical; thus in his eulogy of Mr. Churchill, whom he represents as backing his plan to attack and seize Zeebrugge at a time when Mr. Churchill was preparing the Gallipoli expedition, which Viscount French unconditionally condemns, first, because it starved him of men, guns, and munitions at the very time he most needed them; secondly, because it was a

secondary attack, which, in his opinion, had no chance of success. His encomium of the then Naval Minister is consequently contradictory. Militarily, this cannot be pronounced to be a scientific contribution, if it reveals Lord French as a born soldier of the cavalry type, as an ideal temperament for war. The story he unfolds is a nation's glory. It is a wonderful episode, and Lord French is Irish enough to tell his tale with human relish, almost like an amateur. But his omissions are many and too important to be passed over even in a running history of events which led up to the revelation of the shell shortage and the steps he took to effect a remedy. In his account of the famous fighting pivoting round the retreat from Mons, he is involved in a series of contradictions, nor does he give us his orders. His version of the fighting is quite incomplete, startlingly so by reason of the omissions—adds, in short, little to our knowledge of the facts. His animus towards General Smith-Dorrien betrays him into making a case. Nor can his claim to have saved us on the shell question be accepted off-hand. It was the French who really first focussed attention on our shell production, and not to mention Lord Northcliffe in this respect is strange. True criticism would have to be severe on this book, but we will not say more except to beg Viscount French to correct in a subsequent edition such slovenly journalism as *moral* spelt with an *e*; also his figures where wrong, and some at least of the inaccuracies. The public may find in this jolly book a superficial reason for national self-satisfaction, but scientifically this book is no contribution, for it cannot enhance the reputation of a gallant soldier who did his best but who should have refrained from the use of the pen.

Only Typewritten Manuscripts will be considered, and although every precaution is taken, the Proprietors will not be responsible for the loss or damage of the manuscripts that may be sent in for consideration; nor can they undertake to return manuscripts which are not accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope.

NINTH
ANNUAL VOLUME.

JULY, 1919.

THE 100 BEST INVESTMENTS

With Special Article entitled

LOOKING FORWARD.

INCOME TAX HINTS. YIELD TABLES.

INVESTMENTS FOR PERSONS RESIDENT ABROAD.

PRICE 1/- NET.

THE BRITISH, FOREIGN AND COLONIAL CORPORATION, LTD.,
Investment Bankers,
57, BISHOPSGATE, LONDON, E.C. 2.

The practical conclusion we come to is that, speaking generally, investors should secure some of the handsome profits they now have on paper (at any rate, as a glance at the brochure that is bound up at the end of this volume will show, persons who have acted upon the advice given in "The 100 Best Investments" and Investment Notes issued by its publishers, have very large profits on their Industrial investments) and place part of them in one or other of the War Loans and in good fixed interest-bearing Securities. As regards that portion of their capital on which they desire to earn a high rate of interest, with the possibility of further good profits, we think they should confine their investments to Shares in companies in those particular industries which, however impoverished the world may be for some time to come, must flourish, as they either satisfy primary needs or are in the line of inevitable development, by which we mean such industries as the manufacture of electrical machinery and appliances, labour-saving devices of all kinds, improved means of mechanical transport and appliances connected therewith, the manufacture of materials connected with housing, the iron and steel industry, furniture, etc., and the production of such foodstuffs and raw materials—particularly tropical and sub-tropical products, as are in demand throughout the world, they being essential to the building up again of prosperity.

As Mr. Hoover rightly remarked, if Europe wants food, it has got to work, and the present orgy of spending in all sections of society, which is the result of the inflation—concealed, thus far, as we have already remarked, by the pursuance of a vast borrowing policy—will have to cease. It is with all these considerations in mind that we have compiled the following list of investments, and we venture again to remind readers that by the title "The 100 Best Investments" is not meant the arrogant claim that these are actually the one hundred best investments in the world, but that they are, in the judgment and opinion of the compilers, "the best of their kind," ranging from the very finest Securities in the world to Shares which necessarily carry a risk, but which risk is—again in the opinion of the compilers—fully compensated for by prospects of high dividends and capital appreciation.

THE 100 BEST INVESTMENTS.

ANNUAL VOLUME, 1919.

THE above work, which is in its ninth year of issue, contains the latest information regarding one hundred Securities specially selected as being the best of their kind from the whole available field of investment, and ranging from War Loans to Ordinary Shares.

In addition, the Introductory Article, entitled "Looking Forward," reminds the Investor of the difficulties to be faced, and whilst sounding a warning note, defines the principles which should govern the prudent employment of capital in the immediate future. The "Hints on Income Tax," the elucidatory notes on various technical matters relating to Stocks and Shares, and the Tables for Calculating Yields, complete the 1919 Volume of a work which appeals more strongly year by year to an ever-increasing number of Investors.

Press Notices of Previous Editions of

"THE 100 BEST INVESTMENTS."

"The book will be found an extremely useful and generally safe guide for those whose knowledge of the Investment Market is limited. The Securities recommended are not chosen at haphazard, but their past history, present position, and prospects for the future are carefully weighed, and the selection is comprehensive and attractive."—*The Scotsman*.

"The selection has been performed by experts, and is the result of a process of filtration, so that the would-be Investor is enabled to take his choice among those Securities that have borne the test of close investigation."—*Westminster Gazette*.

Special attention has been given to the requirements of Investors resident abroad who desire to know of Stocks dealt in on the British markets in respect of which they need not suffer deduction of Income Tax.

Quarterly Supplements are issued in October, January, and April.

ORDER FORM.

To the

BRITISH, FOREIGN AND COLONIAL CORPORATON, LTD.,

Investment Bankers,

57, BISHOPSGATE, LONDON, E.C. 2.

Date ..... 1919.

Please send me, post free—

The July, 1919, Annual Volume of "The 100 Best Investments," and, when issued, the three Quarterly Supplements thereto, for which I enclose remittance of 2s.

Name .....

Address .....

E R.

IMPRESSIONS

A MAGAZINE FOR PROGRESSIVE PEOPLE

THERE is no magazine in the world just like IMPRESSIONS. It treats business as the most important thing in material life, and shows in a fascinating manner how easy it is to get pleasure and a living at the same time.

THERE are no technical articles in IMPRESSIONS. The great subject of business is handled in a way which provides inspiration for all, whatever their profession or trade or calling. IMPRESSIONS stands for better business and better living in the highest sense of the term. It is the monthly mentor of our biggest business men, and in its own circle carries an influence more powerful than outsiders can understand. It is edited by G. E. WHITEHOUSE, who, in a remarkably short time, has earned for himself an international reputation for being the most interesting yet fearless writer on Business subjects. He writes a large part of the magazine each month; says what he thinks, and thinks so nearly right that big men believe in him and applaud his views.

IMPRESSIONS is a big magazine, 11 in. × 9½ in., with 48 pages, full of sound editorials and high-grade advertising. If you believe in progress you will like this magazine though you may not agree with everything it prints.

SUBSCRIPTION 6/- PER ANNUM.

Sample Copy for six penny stamps.

IMPRESSIONS PUBLISHING CO., LTD.,

76, Hanover Street, EDINBURGH.

Sleeping Badly?

— then get a Free Sample of

GENASPRIN

The Safe Brand of ASPIRIN

Simply send us a stamped envelope—addressed to yourself—and it will come back to you containing three doses of Genasprin.

Swallow two of these harmless little tablets — disintegrated in water—before "turning in." They quieten the excited brain—calm the throbbing nerves—and so predispose you to healthy, natural sleep.

Yet this soothing, sedative effect is entirely harmless and without re-action. For Genasprin is nothing but pure "aspirin"— free from injurious ingredients. Try it for just a few nights, and you will soon break the insomnia-habit.

Send for a Free Sample to-day

And Genasprin does much more than help you to sleep. It stops nerve-pains like Headache, Toothache, Neuralgia, Neuritis and Sciatica. It prevents and cures Cold-in-the-Head, Influenza and Catarrh. It allays Feverishness and Fatigue, and is invaluable for Gout, Rheumatism and Lumbago.

Your chemist stocks Genasprin —or can get it for you—in bottles of 35 tablets, price 2/-. But don't confuse it with ordinary brands of aspirin which depress the heart and upset the digestion. Specify the Genasprin brand—and firmly insist on having it.

To obtain the Free Sample

Write your name and address on an envelope, and affix a 1½d. stamp on it. *Also write the name of this paper on the back of the envelope.* Then forward the envelope to GENATOSAN, LTD. (Makers of Sanatogen, Formamint and Genasprin), 12, Chenies Street, London, W.C.1. (Chairman: The Viscountess Rhondda.)

PRINTED IN GT. BRITAIN BY R. CLAY AND SONS, LTD., BRUNSWICK ST., STAMFORD ST., LONDON, S.E. 1,
AND PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE ENGLISH REVIEW (1911) LTD., 19 GARRICK ST., LONDON, W.C. 2.
ADVERTISING OFFICES: 19 GARRICK STREET, LONDON, W.C. 2.
REGISTERED FOR CANADIAN POSTAGE.
ENTERED AT THE NEW YORK POST OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.